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HOW TEDDY SAW THE KING.

(A Fourth-of-July Story.)

BY DOROTHY BROOKS.

TEDDY was—I don't like to say cross, but very disconsolate as he sat on the small balcony and kicked its iron railing that sunny morning. Perhaps you will say, when I tell you all about it, that he had a shadow of an excuse.

Had n't he been dragged away from school, and home, and native land, to travel with mama and two of her friends away over the ocean to Europe?

"Europe! What is the good of Europe, anyway!" said the lonely and patriotic youngster to himself.

Of course he knew that the only reason mama took him was because there was no one with whom she could well leave him.

The voyage across had not been so dull as he expected it to be; for, as his mother and her friends were not feeling very well, they kept to their state-rooms most of the time, and Master Teddy followed his own sweet will, which always suited him perfectly.

He made friends with the captain, the purser, and the doctor; he investigated the ship from the captain's bridge to the engine-room; he penetrated to the steerage, and became very friendly with several good-natured Irishmen returning to their native shores.

Best of all, many of the ladies on board had

candy and other delicacies, which had been parting gifts, but which, in the present condition of old Ocean, they could n't possibly eat; and Teddy went the rounds every morning, knocking at the state-room doors and inquiring:

"Do you feel better to-day, Mrs. Smith?"

And the expected answer came regularly:

"Oh, rather better, thank you; but, Teddy-boy, do eat some of that candy out on the locker, for I *can't* look at it when I get up." Which Teddy very obligingly proceeded to do, until it was a wonder how he ever reached the shores of Ireland alive. But, strange to say, he seemed to thrive on this sort of treatment, and no one landed at Queenstown in better condition than lovely May evening than Master Teddy.

I have n't told you his full name, and as no one ever called him anything but Teddy, it does n't much matter. His father had died when his little son was a mere baby. Teddy was very fond—and secretly very proud—of his pretty young mother, who was more of a chum than a strict guardian.

But after landing on Irish shores, when the traveling began, Teddy's troubles began too.

If they would only go to see some good, new, handsome buildings in the cities they come to, thought Teddy, or to some big factories where

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they make things! But no sooner did they arrive at a decent sort of place, like Killarney for instance, where there was a chance for a small boy to enjoy himself, than it was: "Now, Teddy dear, we are going to see a wonderful old abbey."

"Abby—Abby who?" grumbled the boy. "I'd rather go with Dennis, the boatman. He says there's great fishing in that pool below the second lake."

But it was no use. "Abby" carried the day; and Teddy, with nose in air, sniffed contemptuously at Gothic windows and ivy-covered tower, until the others almost wished he had been left to Dennis and the fish.

It was the same all the way along, as they zigzagged up through Ireland, over into Scotland, and then down into England, dragging poor Teddy with them to abbeys, and cathedrals, and, worse than all, picture-galleries.

Here in London it had been harder than anywhere; and after two hours one morning in Westminster Abbey, and another at the Na-

cially the 'Maze'—were not bad; but the British Museum—oh, my!"

"Is there anything over here that you really do want to see, Teddy?" said Mrs. Knight, hopelessly. (Mrs. Knight and her daughter Marian were the two ladies who were traveling with his mother.)

"Yes," answered Teddy, stoutly; "the King."

"What?" exclaimed Miss Marian. "Why, Teddy-boy, I thought you were fiercely republican. I thought you did n't like kings."

"Well," replied Teddy, "can't a fellow want to see an enemy once in a while? And they say he's a good sort, as kings go. Anyhow, I'd rather see him than anything else in this whole country. But, Miss Marian, what's his crown good for? You know they showed it to us in the Tower the other day. If he does n't keep it on all the time, I should think he'd want it at home to look at."

"Possibly they are afraid of burglars, Teddy," said the young woman, soberly.

But Teddy's special grievance that morning was that it was the famous fourth day of July. What a great day it was at home in America! And he was spending it in London!

In London of all places! The home of the red-coats, the British, the enemies of all Yankee school-boys, as his imagination extravagantly painted them! And of course there was no celebration of the "Glorious Fourth."

"No fire-crackers, no torpedoes, no fireworks, no cap-pistol, no nothing!" mourned Teddy, and he kicked the railing and sulked.

"Hail, Columbia, happy land!" sang a merry voice down below.

"Morning, Ada," called Teddy, as he thrust his head under the railing and looked down to where a pretty little girl stood on the front steps. "Where are you going?"

"With papa," said Ada, "to do some American sight-seeing, he says."

"Huh!" said Teddy, with scorn, "where'll you find it over here?"

"Oh, there's the Lincoln tower on the church where Dr. Newman Hall used to preach, and the Peabody buildings, and the grave of Captain John Smith; and we shall go into the abbey and see the bust of Longfellow; and—don't you want to come with us, Teddy?"



"HE MADE FRIENDS WITH THE CAPTAIN."

tional Gallery, Teddy had looked so pale and exhausted that his mother relented, and, with a sigh, concluded that his education must be continued along other lines.

"I don't mind the Tower," said poor Teddy; "and Kew Gardens and Hampton Court—spe-

"No, thank you!" said the boy, hastily drawing back at the word "abbey." "I'll have to stay at home and write to grandma. But, Ada, you don't know any place near here where a fellow could get some ice-cream, do you?"

"Not near by; only that shop away up on Oxford Street where we went once. You remember that, Teddy?"

"Guess I do!" was the reply. "No, I thank you; I don't care to spend a lot of sixpences that way again very soon."

A week before, when out on a sight-seeing trip, Ada and Teddy had discovered a small sign in a cake-shop window bearing the magic words, "Ice-cream," and had begged their mothers to take them in and give them a treat.

With much elation the children had each ordered an ice; but when the waitress put the toothsome dainty before them, Teddy looked at the quantity (about a large teaspoonful), and said: "Yes, that's the kind I want; please bring me six of 'em."

She brought them, in six saucers, and then vanished to tell the tale to four other waitresses, who all hovered around the doorway to watch the small American boy who ordered ice-creams by the half-dozen.

That was the longest Fourth-of-July morning in all his life, but in slow fashion it did move along, and when the lunch hour came Teddy, although still depressed, was quite ready for it.

The house was in the highly respectable but rather dull neighborhood of Russell Square, and was a boarding-house much frequented by Americans. The two tables in the dining-room which Teddy entered were almost filled with his

own country-people. There was only one exception—a young Englishman named Lawson, who, it was said, had made the house his home before it had become so thoroughly American. With true British persistence, he refused to be crowded out by United States travelers. He was very quiet and gentlemanly even when the eagle screamed the loudest, and only occasionally entered a mild protest when comparisons



"TEDDY'S FACE BRIGHTENED AS HE REACHED HIS SEAT."

between things English and things American seemed to be going all one way.

Teddy's face brightened as he reached his seat, for just before his plate there waved a cluster of small American flags. There were at least a half-dozen of them, and over at the other side of the table in front of Ada were as many more, and the little girl's face smiled across at him as she leaned over to whisper:

"I bought them, Teddy; papa and I found them at a shop in the Burlington Arcade and brought them home. Are n't they lovely?"

Truly no great silken banner at the head of marching battalions had ever looked so beautiful to Teddy as did those modest little Stars and Stripes that homesick day. There was some-



"SO, A LITTLE LATER, THE TWO CHILDREN WERE BUSY FASTENING THEIR FLAGS ALL OVER THE BALCONY."

thing suspiciously like a lump in his throat, and the red, the white, and the blue seemed to be all running together into a blur before his eyes. He would have liked to stand up and salute them, and say as they did in school, "I pledge allegiance to my flag"; only, not being a "spread-eagle" boy, of course he did n't.

After lunch in the parlor, as the children gathered their flags together, a brilliant idea struck Teddy.

"Oh, Ada, let's decorate our balcony with the flags."

"You don't suppose it would make Miss Murray and Mr. Lawson feel badly, do you?" said polite little Ada.

Mr. Lawson, standing near the children, overheard the last remark, and laughed as he said: "Not at all, Miss Ada. I quite admire your Stars and Stripes, and all they stand for; and Miss Murray, you know, is a Scotchwoman, so I am sure she could n't possibly object."

Miss Murray was the landlady, and a very pleasant one, too.

"And the neighbors?" said Ada, anxiously; "do you think they'd mind — about the Fourth, I mean?"

"Indeed, no," replied the Englishman, soberly. "I really don't think there is any one about here who would mind it at all."

So, a little later, Miss Murray yielding a ready consent, the two children were busy fastening their flags all over the balcony. They really made a brave showing when finally adjusted, and Ada and Teddy went across the street to admire them.

"It's fine!" said the boy; "and —"

Teddy never finished that sentence, for just then an officer on horseback came riding down the street and ordered a man with his cart of vegetables to move along. "The King and Queen are coming this way," he said.

"Hurrah!" cried Teddy; and across the street, up the steps, and out to the decorated balcony sped the children, calling to the others in the house as they ran. They had hardly time to reach this point of vantage before the mounted escort turned the corner.

"Oh, Teddy," cried Ada, "the flags! the flags! What will King Edward say when he sees them, for he certainly will remember that it's the Fourth?"

"Too late!" said the boy, trembling with excitement, for at last he was to see the King.

Along came the escort, — "Red-coats — all of them," thought Teddy, — and then an open carriage, and in it their Majesties King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

Would the King see them? Would he see the flags? Yes, it was a quiet street, with not much to pique the curiosity of kings or anybody else. He looked up to the balcony, he smiled, he called the Queen's attention to the little patriots, and then he raised his hat and remained uncovered until the carriage was well past the house.

"Do you s'pose," gasped Teddy, — "do you s'pose he remembered 'twas the Fourth?"

"I should n't wonder at all, Teddy," said his mother, stooping over to hug her boy. "Anyhow, he saluted our own dear flag."

"Well, he's a gentleman, all right, if he is a king," declared Teddy.

It had seemed to Teddy that up to this time the American people in the house with him had thought very little about its being their national holiday; but this incident seemed to rouse all the dormant patriotism in them, and at the dinner-table that evening the flags fluttered again, and many a knot of red, white, and blue ribbon was to be seen on the ladies' dresses and the coats of the men; and when Mr. Lawson came in with two tiny flags—the English and the American—crossed on the lapel of his coat, the enthusiasm was great.

The evening was spent by many of them in the parlor and the balcony leading from it, for the night was warm; and while one presided at the piano, the others sang all the patriotic songs

stood with Teddy out on the balcony, while they looked up at the starlit sky.

"Yes, but I—I wish I could have had my ice-cream."

"Bless the boy!" said Mr. Lawson, as he sat smoking his cigar near them. "He shall end the day to suit his little American heart if I can accomplish it"; and he started up, threw his cigar into the street, and disappeared into the house.

There followed a somewhat lengthy conversation over the telephone between this young man and the manager of a neighboring hotel, and then Mr. Lawson came back to the parlor and sought out Teddy's mother.

"Would you kindly lend me your son for a little while? I want to take him and Ada to the hotel to end the day with a truly American treat."

And so presently the two wondering and expectant children were on their way with the kind young Englishman; and when the hotel was reached and they entered the great dining-room, a serving-man led them to a table where, in a moment, they were each helped to a heaping plate of ice-cream and a bewildering assortment of fancy cakes.

I dare not tell you how much Teddy ate, but it was a right royal treat indeed that his kind friend provided; and it was a very



"THEY WERE EACH HELPED TO A HEAPING PLATE OF ICE-CREAM."

they could remember: "America," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Hail, Columbia," "Marching Through Georgia," and many others.

"If we only could have had a few fireworks, it would have been perfect," said Ada, as she

happy boy who sleepily murmured to his mother that evening as he went to bed:

"T was 'most as good a day as at home, mama; and the ice-cream—was—'peachy'; and—and—I've—seen—the—King!"



A FOURTH-OF-JULY MORNING IN THE DAISY-FIELD.



THE sun had already been up for hours, and was busy setting fire to the windows in all the cottages looking seaward, touching up the tops of the waves with a most engaging glitter, turning brown sails to bronze and white to silver, and doing his best generally to present to the world a brilliant and satisfactory sample of a fine summer morning by the sea.

But this little ceremony of introducing a new day was not left entirely to the pleasure of the sun in Coquissett Harbor.

Boom! went the gun—like a big drum-major giving his orders—from the boat-house on Coquissett Island, where the governor's cottage stood. Brisk and blithe in the wake of the ponderous roar broke out the tripping notes of the reveille, and all the dancing yachts in the harbor answered, one after another, in a soft hurry of silvery bells chiming the hour in many different keys. Up went the flags with a rush, caught and challenged by a spanking breeze. "Eight bells, and *now* it is morning!" said the gun and the bugle and the bells and the flags to the laughing sun.

"Eight bells, and all 's well!" cried Kitty Magee, and she thrust a radiant face out of the seaward window of "The Corner Cupboard," to greet the day thus gallantly ushered in.

"I 'm not so sure about that!" said a voice from behind the green curtain which divided the main apartment of the Cupboard from the store-room beyond. "Is it well to be exhausted with untimely toil when other people are just getting up? And to be famished for lunch when the rest of the world has n't had breakfast?"

"T is the voice of the sluggard," declaimed

Kitty, still leaning out of the window; "I heard him complain—"

"No, you did n't!" Grace emerged from the dusky recesses in which she had been rummaging. "I 'm not complaining. I 'm only expounding my philosophy of life. But if you won't be edified, come in and get to work! True, the supply of paper-cutters is at present nearly, if not quite, equal to the demand: but who knows—"

"Don't be sarcastic, Gracie!" said Kitty, blithely, still intoxicated with the morning air. "I feel perfectly sure that we are going to begin to make our fortunes to-day! The summer boarder has arrived. I see him, her, it, here, there, and everywhere—"

"Except here," murmured Grace, glowering over the motto she was burning upon a rough shingle.

Kitty withdrew reluctantly from the window, and, sitting down at a little table, seized a paper-cutter and began to portray thereon the figure of a lobster with lavish energy and scarlet paint.

"If you like this paper-cutter *very* much, Gracie," she observed affectionately, "I 'll give it to you at Christmas. Aunt Frieda says—my goodness gracious!"

A tremendous knock upon the frail front door caused the contents of the Cupboard to rattle alarmingly. Kitty's brush made an unexpected splash, which she promptly turned into a deformed lobster claw; but Grace did not lift her head.

"It 's Billy," she observed calmly. "By the time he has walked over from the hotel in the morning, he feels the need of a little active exercise. I 'm glad you did n't go up the rain-pipe

and come down through the trap-door in the roof, Billy Reed!" she continued, opening the door.

"Morning, ladies," said Billy, entering cheerfully—a long youth in flannels, with sleepy blue eyes, and a fine coat of tan on his boyish features.

"How's business?" he inquired, bowing to each of the girls with his hand on his heart.

"Hustling!" answered Kitty, with spirit.

"Twelve customers yesterday, while you were out sailing, you wretch! And they all bought fudge, and one of them a ten-cent stamp-box besides! Not a minute to lose—come, Billy, get to work."

"Work, quotha!" Billy cast an appealing glance at the rafters. "When I've been up since day-break bailing out the *Lily May*. What, in the name of common sense, do you want me to do now?"

"Redecorate the window, there's a good boy," said Kitty, promptly. "Who knows what effect a new disposition of our treasures may have upon the S. B. (that's short for summer boarder). There's some of yesterday's fudge on the table behind you. I should have eaten it up myself, but Grace always will save it for you."

*"O to Grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!"*

said Billy, devoutly, choking himself with a huge mouthful of candy.

"Tell me what it is you want me to put in the window," he finished, when he could speak again, "and I'll do it this instant minute."

The Cupboard stood on a corner, of course, —the corner of a lane and another lane. What else would you expect in Coquisett Harbor? It had been originally the quaint land home of an old sea-captain, one of those mysterious little structures which cling to the shore of the harbor like barnacles to a rock—gray, rough, weather-beaten, with a window looking seaward and another on the lane leading down to the ferry, a wide door, and a crazy step or two. The girls had found it the summer before, when they had spent a month at Coquisett with Aunt Frieda—Kitty's aunt, not Grace's, for the



"AUNT FRIEDA, OF A QUAINt OLD SETTER, WAS USUALLY DEEP IN THE LATEST NOVEL."

"firm" were fellow-students at an art school in the city. They had dreamed of it all winter. They had made a delicious trip down in the spring, and hired it from a granddaughter of the original owner. They had coaxed Aunt Frieda to lend it the support of her dear, gray-haired, placid presence. They had fitted it up as a studio in June, arranging to board with Mrs. Denny, in her cozy old colonial house just across the way. There the two girls had met Billy Reed—also down at the shore thus early in order to make arrangements at the hotel for himself and his invalid mother, who

turned out to be an old school friend of Aunt Frieda's. While the girls were at work in the Corner Cupboard, Aunt Frieda, on a quaint old settee in Mrs. Denny's "best room," was usually deep in the latest novel.

Billy had promptly annexed himself to the Corner Cupboard in the capacity of guide, philosopher, and man-of-all-work. It was he who had put up the sign now swinging under the gable, a beautiful creation in burnt wood, with a realistic dragon curling his flaming tail about the modest letters. Let the unwary summer boarder first be lured by this work of art. A step would then bring into view the glories of the window; another, the open door; and, his foot once across the threshold, that boarder and his pocket-book were lost! Or, at least, thus Billy declared, in the fervor of youthful hope.

And who, indeed, could withstand the esthetic charms of the Cupboard! A great fish-net was draped over the green curtain, entangling various incongruous works of art in its homely folds. The windows were hung with yellow cheese-cloth, the seats beneath piled with cushions, cotton-covered, bran-stuffed. The rough beams of the ceiling were adorned with Japanese lanterns and giddy nothings made of tissue-paper; and the tables, and the cunning shelves upon the walls, and the stairs which led to the tiny loft were crowded with wares—knickknacks of birch-bark, shell, and burnt wood, views of Coquisett lighthouse and other scenes of local interest, reproduced on every available object from a needle-book to a pair of bellows; and scattered here and there among all the fantastic medley, Grace's clever sketches in water-color and pen-and-ink.

"Put a pewter porringer and a candlestick in the window, Billy," directed Kitty, briskly. "Now, which do you like best, those spoons of Grace's or my lobster paper-cutters?"

"I would n't take either of 'em for a gift," said Billy, candidly. "I hate to discourage you; and, of course, my taste and the taste of the summer boarder—"

"That will do," said Kitty, severely. "Your tastes appear to be equally benighted, I grieve to say. But would n't you think—" she appealed to him with sudden pathos—"that, just for the sake of the moral principle, Coquisetters

would patronize such an enterprise as this? Two really deserving girls, winning their way to fame and fortune, and trying to provide for next winter's study out of this summer's Cupboard,—would n't you think they would simply rush to support us?"

"Don't they?" said Billy, struggling with a fish-net which threatened to entangle him "for good" in the window.

"Don't they!" echoed Kitty, tragically. "Do they! The only one that rushes is Mrs. O'Halley. She comes three times a week, and turns over everything in the studio, and never buys a thing! And look at the attractions we offer! Tea—*good* tea, solid silver strainer and Aunt Frieda's grandmother's cups. And then there's prime fudge—pure maple, real cream, and nuts from the home farm—all for the absurdly small sum of a quarter for the full of a clam-shell, with the date in gilt letters thrown in, free of charge! And our goods—paper-cutters that *cut*, picture-frames that stand alone; and still they don't buy!"

"Why," inquired Billy, cautiously, "if I may ask,—why, then, do you continue to produce these works of art?"

"Force of habit," said Grace, grimly. "It's like strong drink—now that we've begun, we can't stop. We shall go on painting all summer, and then organize in the fall the 'S. P. P. P. P.—Society for Providing the Poor with Paper-cutters and Picture-frames. Does anybody want anything from the Dismal Swamp? I'm going in for some more shingles to make cheerful mottos on."

"It is a little discouraging." Kitty dropped her voice as her partner disappeared behind the curtain. "The summer's going so fast! It's for Grace I mind, you know. I'm a little no-account thing, so far as art is concerned, and I don't really have to do it; but Grace does, and she's a genius—she would n't be a Belknap if she were n't. The Belknaps have always had everything but money,—birth, breeding, talent,—ask Aunt Frieda. If somebody would only recognize Grace, and give her a start! When she is sarcastic like that, it's because she is hurt inside. She counted a good deal on this summer, I know; and I can't bear to see the weeks go by and have her disappointed."

"I see," said Billy, soberly. "I'd buy the truck — treasures, I mean — myself, much as I should hate to have 'em lying around, only —"

"Mercy on us!" cried Kitty. "You! I should as soon think of finding a customer in one of Captain Ephraim's lobster-pots! Hush! — Did you find the shingles, dear? They're in the — Billy Reed, what are you doing over there?"

"Coming right back," said Billy, hastily. "I just wanted to sample the — the paper-cutters."

"And the fudge," added Kitty, reproachfully.

*O Billy, in our hours of ease
Alert to torment and to tease,
When work and worry wring the brow,
O what a broken Reed art thou!*

I made that up for you last night."

"Hear mine!" cried Grace, interrupting the victim's applause.

*O Billy, in our hours of work
A most unmitigated shirk,
Let fudge appear — O my, O me! —
Your industry would shame the Bee!"*

"Much obliged, I'm sure," said Billy, suavely. "I could keep it up like that all day, you know:

*O Kitty, in the summer-time
Bedecked with freckles all sublime,
How will they look — just tell me that —
When seen beneath your winter hat?*

*O Gracie, when the shopper shops,
As sweet as maple lollipops,
When custom fails and boarders sniff
You'd freeze the very syrup stiff!*

O Kitty, —

Say, girls! hold on — wait! I've got it!"

Billy leaped from the window-sill in a spasm of sudden inspiration.

"Got what?" cried Kitty. "Not the S. B.!"

"No, no! the idea! The S. S.—secret of success!" Billy's sleepy eyes twinkled with unwonted energy. "How do they do these things in the great 'metrolopus'? 'Sdeath! are we too proud to advertise? Something unique and fresh in the way of posters is the very thing

the Cupboard needs to make it go: something to catch the public eye,— to fix the wandering fancy of the S. B. And here's all this poetic faculty going to waste among us! Great Scott! why did n't I think of it before! You girls can do it just as easy; like this, you know — ahem!

*Old Mother Hubbard
She went to the Cupboard
To get a small gift for herself.
When she got there
The Cupboard was bare —
Coquisett had cleared every shelf!*

"Bravo!" cried the girls, applauding wildly. "Or this," said Billy, with modest elation. "Help me out, Gracie, if I get stuck.

*How dear to this heart are the scenes of the
seaside,
When fond recollection presents them to
view! —*

*How gaily I wandered the sunny shore BE'-
side,"*

struck in Grace,—

*Regardless of sunburn, or sand in my shoe!
The pier and the plank and the little steam-ferry
I've run for so often, and always in vain;
The succulent clam and the wild huckleberry,
And e'en the rude Cupboard that stood in
the lane:
The quaint little Cupboard, the trim Corner
Cupboard,
The moss-covered Cupboard that stood in the
lane!"*

They finished all together in a jubilant chorus. Grace's eyes were intent. "I believe we could!" she said. "They would attract attention, anyway; and I could illustrate them. And if they were really clever —" Her voice trailed off into silence. Her look became fixed.

"Genius burns!" whispered Kitty, ecstatically. "And when Grace once gets started—I knew fortune was on its way to us to-day. Billy, I take it all back —

*When toil and trouble wring the brow,
An angel of a Billy thou!"*

The posters appeared the next morning, one in the Cupboard window, two or three among the goods, and others at Merritt's Drug-store and Noble's Emporium, both much frequented by idle Coquissetters. Some were graceful, some were funny, some contained "local hits" in rhyme, and all were decorated with Grace's clever and amusing sketches.

The results were immediately manifest. Twice as many people as usual visited the Cup-

board to spare. We have n't made our fortunes yet, young man!"

"No, but we 're on the highroad!" cried Kitty. "If only the prince would appear now, we should have nothing left to wish for."

"The prince?" said Billy.

"Grace's prince. My lady yearns for patronage on a grand scale, instead of being content to store up the humble penny, like me. I can hardly trust her to wait on the casual customer



"MUCH OBLIGED, I 'M SURE," SAID BILLY, SUAVELY. "I COULD KEEP IT UP LIKE THAT ALL DAY, YOU KNOW."

board during the day; and on the next day and the next these came again, and brought others to laugh over the clever posters, of which Grace's busy fingers had made a fresh supply.

"Gracious!" cried Billy, joyously, making his usual entrance "from the flies" one day, just after the tea-drinkers had dispersed. "What a crowd! I guess I 'd better lay in a paper-cutter or so before they 're all sold out, had n't I?"

"Help yourself," said Grace, grimly. "Plenty

now, she is so high and mighty since Fortune smiled a wee smile on us."

"If you two are going to stay over there and gossip," said Grace from the opposite window-seat, "you 'd better give me a signal if you see the casual customer approaching."

"We will," said Kitty. "One if by land, and two if by sea. Oh, don't you wish it *would* be by sea! Grace's prince ought to come that way, of course. How full the harbor is to-night! There 's the governor's yacht, the *Iris*.

She came in yesterday, you know, while you were away."

"By the powers, so she did!" Billy almost fell out of the window in a sudden fury of excited interest.

"He comes to his cottage on the island almost every summer," explained Kitty, with the importance of superior knowledge. "And he's a very nice man, they say, the governor is. Captain Denny's seen him."

"You don't say so!" Billy was curiously quiet again, and his blue eyes looked sleepier than ever. "How would his Excellency do for Grace's prince?" he suggested lazily.

"Very well, I should think," laughed Kitty. "But don't put any more such notions into her head, I beg of you! Ahem! Grace—customer!"

"Wait on him yourself—you can't trust me!" returned that haughty damsels, continuing to recline on her bran-pillows; and she refused to do any more business that night.

But her faithful mentors were not to be disheartened in the work of reformation, and her disdain of lowly custom was properly rebuked in a new poster shortly after tacked upon the Cupboard wall:

*"True virtue oft in humblest guise is found;
Behind the penny lurks the dollar round;
And she who for the trivial stranger cares
May entertain a governor unawares!"*

"Good-by, Kitty." Grace stopped to look in at the studio door one day a week or two later.

"Good-by," said Kitty. "Take care of Aunt Frieda!"

She watched the two as they went down the lane, bound on a shopping trip to the city, and



"SHE BROUGHT OUT GRACE'S SKETCHES, ONE BY ONE; AND THE GRAY GENTLEMAN PRAISED THEM."

then came back to her busy afternoon. For an hour or so customers were plenty. Then there was a pause.

"I shall have to drink my tea alone, I guess," Kitty murmured as the afternoon waned. But this she was not destined to do; for, just as the table was ready, a broad shadow fell across it, and the portly figure and beaming smile of Mrs. O'Halley followed the shadow.

"O my soul!" moaned Kitty to herself. "She'll stay forever! I wish—" But here her native hospitality got the better of her impatience, and it was a demure and charming

Kitty who accompanied the lady in her enthusiastic tour of the Cupboard, and explained, one after another, the treasures which she had fully explained twenty times before.

Then it was tea for Mrs. O'Halley, and again it was a smiling though exhausted Kitty who presided over the kettle; but she did wish that some one else would appear to divert the good lady's flattering attentions, and was glad when an elderly gentleman with a keen, kind face came in, on his way to the ferry, for a cup of tea and some fudge. He listened amiably while Mrs. O'Halley poured forth over the fragrant cups her admiration for the young artists and their work, and, when she had finished, asked if he might see some of the pretty things so highly spoken of.

"The poster in the window," he observed, "is a very clever piece of work. It shows quite unusual talent, I should say."

Kitty glowed. Here was recognition, indeed, of the true sort! "That is n't at all Miss Belknap's best work," she cried loyally. "May I show you something else?"

She brought out Grace's sketches, one by one; and the Gray Gentleman (she called him that because his hair and clothes were grizzled to nearly the same shade) praised them with a discrimination that made her blush for joy.

"The young lady ought certainly to have the best advantages," he said, buying the prettiest one on the spot. "And these knickknacks—? The ladies at my house are getting up some sort of function, I believe; and I am sure they would like some of these for favors. I'll just take a few as samples, if you please."

Kitty thought at first, in amused dismay, that he meant to take the whole stock. But after buying enough copies of Coquisset Light to illuminate Darkest Africa, he desisted, saying that he would send the ladies to select for themselves.

"You have posters inside as well as out," he observed, strolling about the studio, while Kitty tied up his bundle.

"*True virtue*—"

"Oh, *that!*" Kitty turned hastily, laughing and blushing. "That was n't meant— Billy

must have put it up again. It was just for fun, and I took it down right away!"

"Oh, Billy put it up again, did he?" said the Gray Gentleman, continuing to regard the placard with grave interest.

"*True virtue oft in humblest guise is found;*
Behind—"

A faint noise sounded overhead. Kitty looked up, startled, to see the form of Billy appear cautiously at the head of the stairs, whence he beckoned wildly for a moment, with frantic though noiseless signals of distress, and then vanished without a sound.

"*Behind the penny lurks the dollar round;*
And she—"

Again Billy appeared, hovering over the balusters like a demented ghost. Again he signaled with distracted gestures, pointing first to the placard and then to the Gray Gentleman.

"*And she who for the trivial stranger cares*
May—"

Billy dropped silently upon the step, rocking to and fro in an ecstasy of anguish and despair. Kitty turned white. She gasped with fearful premonition.

"*May entertain a governor unawares!*"

With the last words the awful truth broke upon her. Her poster was a boomerang—her warning had recoiled with fatal aim upon herself! The Gray Gentleman *must* be the governor himself!

Expecting nothing less than instant annihilation, she stood awaiting her doom for one eternal moment, her breath gone, her tongue cleaving to the roof of her mouth. Then a placid voice broke the silence.

"Very good!" it said. "I trust you manage to live up to that very worthy sentiment!" And when Kitty lifted her eyes from that abyss of fear and self-abasement, the Gray Gentleman was smiling!

What happened next she never clearly re-

membered. It was said afterward that the visitor reported himself as having been delightfully entertained by one of the prettiest and most modest little girls he had ever met. But Kitty knew nothing about that. He went at last, leaving word that he would send for his purchases later; and Mrs. O'Halley went—when she got ready; and Grace and Aunt Frieda came home just in time to find Kitty collapsing on the window-seat, while Billy dashed headlong down the stairs, to the imminent danger of the diminished stock.

"Was it—the *governor*?" gasped Kitty, gazing wild-eyed.

"It was—it was the *governor*!" replied Billy, with sepulchral emphasis.

Grace and Aunt Frieda collapsed in their turn at these fateful words. But something made Kitty start to her feet with a sudden exclamation.

"William Reed!" she said solemnly. "Look at me! You—I do believe you knew it all the time!"

William Reed's face wore the blush of conscious guilt. "I cannot tell a—" he began.

"You sent him!" cried Kitty, with rising excitement. "How could you! How did he know? *Tell* us, Billy!"

"Well, you see," said Billy, modestly—"ahem!—the Gray Gentleman's a very nice man, Kitty, the *governor* is! And he happens—just happens, you know—to be my uncle!"

"Billy Reed! You fraud! What do you mean? How could you! Why did n't you tell us before?"

Billy ducked beneath the fire of questions and reproaches.

"Don't!" he begged. "Don't kill me! I'll explain, truly, if you'll only listen! I thought you might think I was stuck up or something, don't you see,—the fellows have guyed me so; and then I did n't know how it would work—uncle might be too busy, or not interested. So I made the mater promise not to tell till I was ready—"

"That poster!" breathed Kitty, with a fire

of vengeance in her eye that made Billy double up with unholy glee.

"Richness!" he cried. "Well, luckily enough, uncle remembered Aunt Frieda and the Belknaps; and when I told him what I wanted him to do, he caught on like a duck, joke and all. Throw up your hats, girls! the Cupboard's made; for if he once takes an interest in a thing, it's bound to go. And he adores pluck, and is great on art; and if Gracie has really got the right stuff in her, he'll give her, somehow, the start she wants."

"Just a *little* start!" cried Grace. "I can do all the rest myself!" She turned abruptly to the window, the Cupboard being too small to hold so great a joy. Boom! went the boat-house gun across the water, followed faithfully by the bugle and the bells and the flags. And, thus warned that setting time was come, the obedient sun dropped softly out of a great surge of splendid color in the cloud-filled west, and left a trail of glory across the rippling harbor and the rosy sails. Speechless, Grace stood and gazed. Who knows what visions appeared to her girlish eyes in that glory—of rapturous work and study, of New York and Paris, of ambitions realized and dreams fulfilled!

"Look at her!" whispered Kitty, her own eyes dewy with sympathetic joy and tenderness. "She's in the seventh heaven at the very thought! Billy—angel—I forgive you! How can we ever thank you?"

"Not me!" laughed Billy, red through all his tan. "Uncle's the angel, and it's he—him—it—you ought to thank! Hold on—what's that about old Timotheus?" He clutched his forehead wildly, and, after an interval of frenzied thought, burst forth, to a round of applause which made the joyous Cupboard ring again, in a final paroxysm of poetic utterance:

*"O not for me the winner's prize—
Let uncle keep the cup;
I drew a governor from the skies,
He raised a mortal up!"*



MUD-PIES.

THE Grown-Ups are the queerest folks; they never seem to know
That mud-pies always have to be made just exactly so.
You have to have a nice back yard, a sunny, pleasant day,
And then you ask some boys and girls to come around and play.

You mix some mud up in a pail, and stir it with a stick;
It must n't be a bit too thin,— and not a bit too thick.
And then you make it into pies, and pat 'em with your hand,
And bake 'em on a nice flat board, and my! but they are grand!

Carolyn Wells.

QUEEN ZIXI OF IX.

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BY L. FRANK BAUM,
Author of "The Wizard of Oz."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DESCENT OF THE ROLY-ROGUES.

KING BUD and Princess Fluff were leading very happy and peaceful lives in their beautiful palace. All wars and dangers seemed at an end, and there was nothing to disturb their content.

All the gold that was needed the royal purse-bearer was able to supply from his overflowing purse. The gigantic General Tollydob became famous throughout the world, and no nation dared attack the army of Noland. The talking dog of old Tallydab made every one wonder, and people came many miles to see Ruffles and hear him speak. It was said that all this good fortune had been brought to Noland by the pretty Princess Fluff, who was a favorite of the fairies; and the people loved her on this account as well as for her bright and sunny disposition.

King Bud caused his subjects some little anxiety, to be sure; for they never could tell what he was liable to do next, except that he was sure to do something unexpected. But much is forgiven a king; and if Bud made some pompous old nobleman stand on his head, to amuse a mob of people, he would give him a good dinner afterward and fill his purse with gold to make up for the indignity. Fluff often reproved her brother for such pranks, but Bud's soul was flooded with mischief, and it was hard for him to resist letting a little of the surplus escape now and then.

After all, the people were fairly content and prosperous, and no one was at all prepared for the disasters soon to overtake them.

One day, while King Bud was playing at ball with some of his courtiers on a field outside the city gates, the first warning of trouble reached him. Bud had batted a ball high into the air, and while looking upward for it to descend he

saw another ball bound from the plain at the top of the North Mountains, fly into the air, and then sink gradually toward him. As it approached, it grew bigger and bigger, until it assumed mammoth proportions; and then, while the courtiers screamed in terror, the great ball struck the field near them, bounced high into the air, and came down directly upon the sharp point of one of the palace towers, where it stuck fast with a yell that sounded almost human.

For some moments Bud and his companions were motionless through surprise and fear; then they rushed into the city and stood among the crowd of people which had congregated at the foot of the tower to stare at the big ball impaled upon its point. Once in a while, two arms, two short legs, and a head would dart out from the ball and wiggle frantically, and then the yell would be repeated and the head and limbs withdrawn swiftly into the ball.

It was all so curious that the people were justified in staring at it in amazement; for certainly no one had ever seen or heard of a Roly-Rogue before, or even known such a creature existed.

Finally, as no one else could reach the steeple-top, Aunt Rivette flew into the air and circled slowly around the ball. When next its head was thrust out, she called:

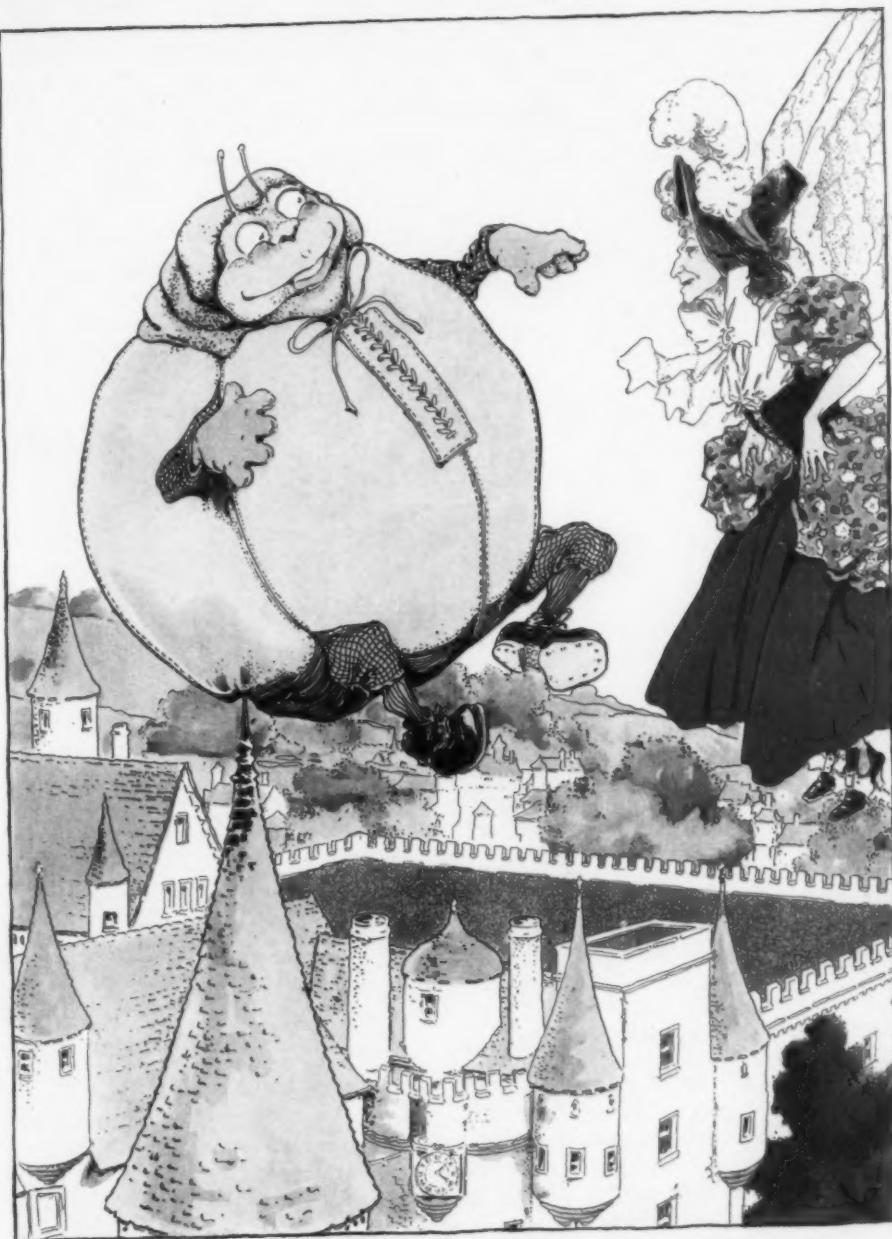
"Are you a mud-turtle or a man?"

"I'll show you which, if I get hold of you," answered the Roly-Rogue, fiercely.

"Where did you come from?" asked Aunt Rivette, taking care the wiggling arms did not grab her.

"That is none of your business," said the Roly-Rogue. "But I did n't intend to come, that you may depend upon."

"Are you hurt?" she inquired, seeing that the struggles of the creature made him spin around upon the steeple-point like a windmill.



"WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?" ASKED AUNT RIVETTE."

"No, I'm not hurt at all," declared the Roly-Rogue; "but I'd like to know how I'm going to get down."

"What would you do if we helped you to get free?" asked Aunt Rivette.

"I'd fight every one of those idiots who are

"We might have him gilded," proposed the old woman, "and then he'd look better."

"I'll think it over," said the king, and he went away to finish his ball game.

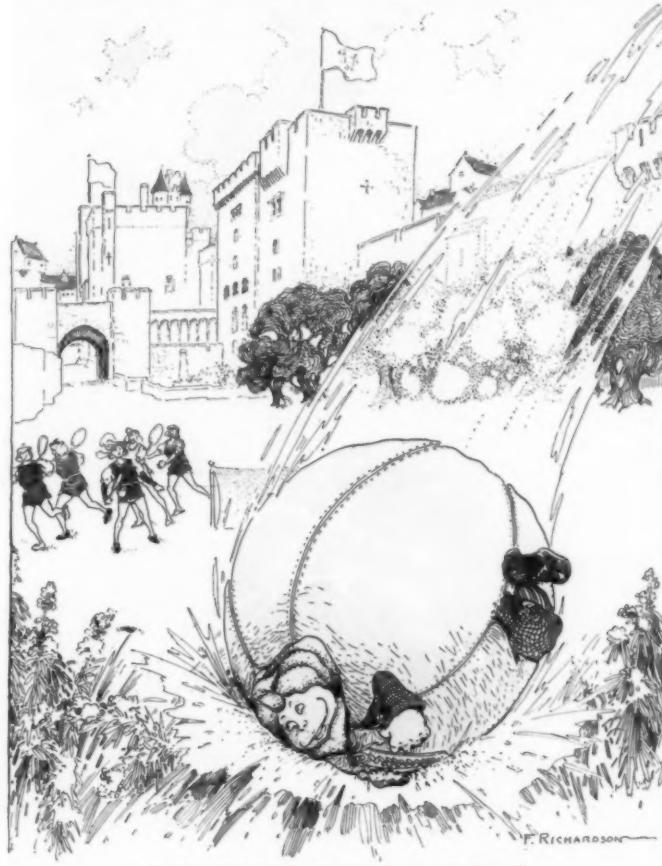
The people talked and wondered about the queer creature on the steeple, but no one could say where it came from or what it was; they were naturally much puzzled.

The next day was bright with sunshine; so, early in the forenoon, Bud and Fluff had the royal cook fill their baskets with good things to eat, and set out to picnic on the bank of the river that separated Noland from the kingdom of Ix. They rode ponies, to reach the river sooner than by walking; and their only companions were Tally-dab, the lord high steward, and his talking dog, Ruf-fles.

It was after this picnic party had passed over the mountain, and were securely hidden from any one in the city of Nole, that the ruler of the Roly-Rogues and his thousands of followers hurled themselves down from their land above the clouds and began bounding toward the plain below.

The people first heard a roar that sounded like distant thunder; and when they looked toward the North Mountains they saw the air black with tiny bouncing balls that seemed to drop from the drifting clouds which always had obscured the highest peak.

But, although appearing small when first seen, these balls grew rapidly larger as they came nearer; and then, with sharp reports like pistol-shots, they began dropping upon the plain by dozens and hundreds and then thousands.



"THE GREAT BALL STRUCK THE FIELD NEAR THEM."

laughing at me down there!" said the creature, its eyes flashing wickedly.

"Then you'd best stay where you are," returned old Rivette, who flew back to earth again to tell Bud what the Roly-Rogue had said.

"I believe that is the best place for him," said Bud; "so we'll let him stay where he is. He's not very ornamental, I must say, but he's very safe up there on top of the steeple."

As soon as they touched the ground they bounded upward again, like rubber balls the children throw upon the floor; but each bound was less violent than the one preceding it, until finally within the streets of the city and upon all the fields surrounding it lay the thousands of Roly-Rogues that had fallen from the mountain-peak.

At first they lay still, as if stunned by their swift journey and collision with the hard earth; but after a few seconds they recovered, thrust out their heads and limbs, and scrambled upon their flat feet.

Then the savage Roly-Rogues uttered hoarse shouts of joy, for they were safely arrived at the city they had seen from afar, and the audacious adventure was a success.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CONQUEST OF NOLAND.

IT would be impossible to describe the amazement of the people of Nole when the Roly-Rogues came upon them.

Not only was the descent wholly unexpected, but the appearance of the invaders was queer enough to strike terror to the stoutest heart.

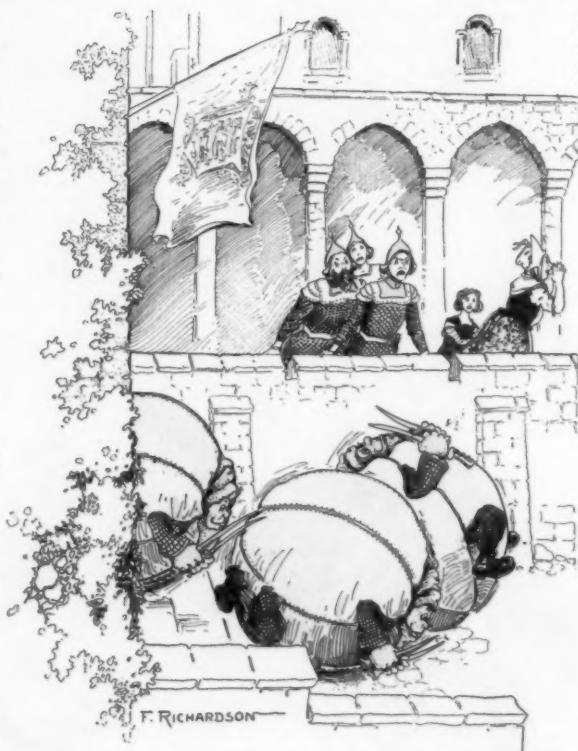
Their round bodies were supported by short, strong legs having broad, flattened feet to keep them steady. Their arms were short, and the fingers of their hands, while not long, were very powerful.

But the heads were the most startling portions of these strange creatures. They were flat and thick on the top, with leathery rolls around their necks; so that, when the head was drawn in, its upper part rounded out the surface of the ball. In this peculiar head the Roly-Rogue had two big eyes as shiny as porcelain, a small stubby nose, and a huge mouth. Their strange leather-like clothing fitted their bodies closely and was of different colors—green, yellow, red, and brown.

Taken altogether, the Roly-Rogues were not

pretty to look at; and although their big eyes gave them a startled or astonished expression, nothing seemed ever to startle or astonish them in the least.

When they arrived in the valley of Nole, after their wonderful journey down the mountains, they scrambled to their feet, extended their long arms with the thorns clasped tight in their talon-like fingers, and rushed in a furious crowd and with loud cries upon the terror-stricken people.



"AS FOR THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN,

The soldiers of Tollydob's brave army had not even time to seize their weapons; for such a foe, coming upon them through the air, had never been dreamed of.

And the men of Nole, who might have resisted the enemy, were too much frightened to do more than tremble violently and gasp with open mouths. As for the women and children, they fled screaming into the houses and bolted

or locked the doors, which was doubtless the wisest thing they could have done.

General Tollydob was asleep when the calamity of this invasion occurred; but hearing the shouts, he ran out of his mansion and met several of the Roly-Rogues face to face. Without hesitation the brave general rushed upon them; but two of the creatures promptly rolled themselves against him from opposite directions, so that the ten-foot giant was crushed between

the general started to run away. But other foes rolled after him, knocked him down, and stuck their thorns into him until he yelled for mercy and promised to become their slave.

Tullydub, the chief counselor, watched all this from his window, and it frightened him so greatly that he crawled under his bed and hid, hoping the creatures would not find him. But their big round eyes were sharp at discovering things; so the Roly-Rogues had not been in

Tullydub's room two minutes before he was dragged from beneath his bed, and prodded with thorns until he promised obedience to the conquerors.

The lord high purse-bearer, at the first alarm, dug a hole in the garden of the royal palace and buried his purse so no one could find it but himself. But he might have saved himself this trouble, for the Roly-Rogues knew nothing of money or its uses, being accustomed to seizing whatever they desired without a thought of rendering payment for it.

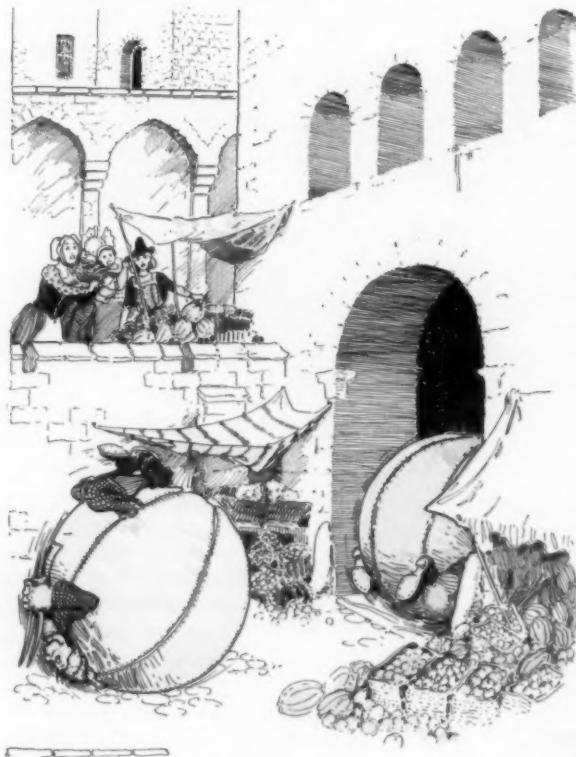
Having buried his purse, old Tillydib gave himself up to the invaders as their prisoner; and this saved him the indignity of being conquered.

The lord high executioner may really be credited with making the only serious fight of the day; for when the Roly-Rogues came upon him, Tellydeb seized his ax, and, before the enemy could come near, he reached out his long arm and cleverly sliced the heads off several of their round bodies.

The others paused for a moment, being unused to such warfare and not understanding how an arm could reach so far.

But, seeing their heads were in danger, about a hundred of the creatures formed themselves into balls and rolled upon the executioner in a straight line, hoping to crush him.

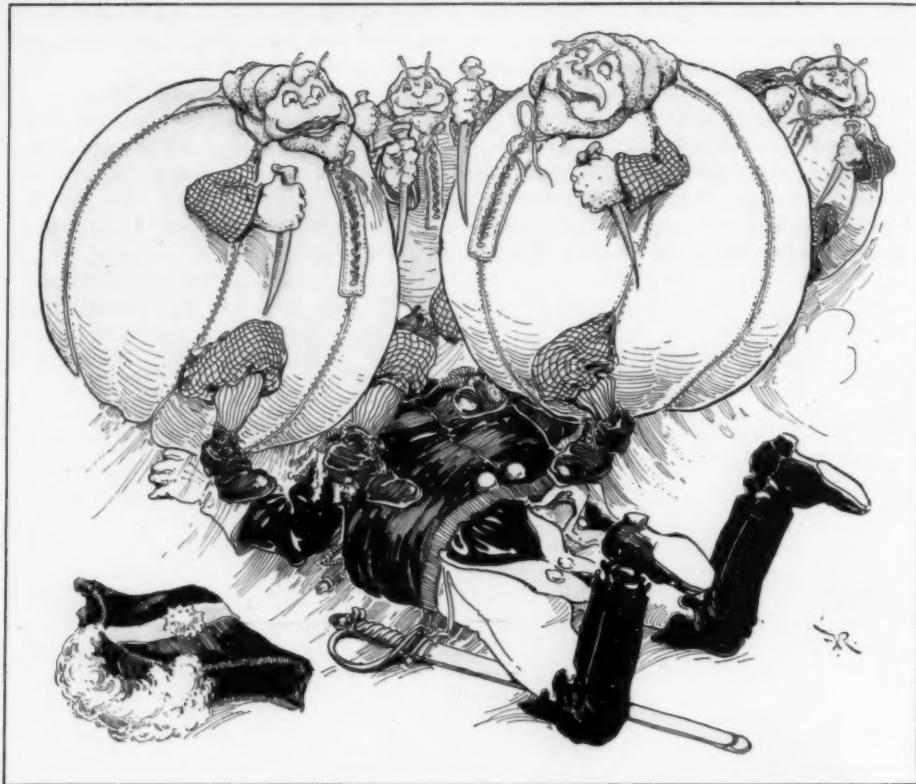
They could not see what happened after they began to roll, their heads being withdrawn; but Tellydeb watched them speed toward him,



THEY FLED SCREAMING INTO THE HOUSES."

them until there was not a particle of breath left in his body. No sooner did these release him than two other Roly-Rogues rolled toward him; but Tollydob was not to be caught twice, so he gave a mighty jump and jumped right over their heads, with the result that the balls crashed against each other.

This made the two Roly-Rogues so angry that they began to fight each other savagely, and



"OTHER FOES ROLLED AFTER HIM AND KNOCKED HIM DOWN."

and, stepping aside, he aimed a strong blow with his ax at the body of the first Roly-Rogue that passed him. Instead of cutting the rubber-like body, the ax bounced back and flew from Tellydeb's hand into the air, falling farther away than the long arm of the executioner could reach. Therefore he was left helpless, and was wise enough to surrender without further resistance.

Finding no one else to resist them, the Roly-Rogues contented themselves with bounding against the terrorized people, great and humble alike, and knocking them over, laughing boisterously at the figures sprawling in the mud of the streets.

And then they would prick the bodies of the men with their sharp thorns, making them spring to their feet again with shrieks of fear, only to be bowled over again the next minute.

But the monsters soon grew weary of this amusement, for they were anxious to explore the city they had so successfully invaded. They flocked into the palace and public buildings, and gazed eagerly at the many beautiful and, to them, novel things that were found. The mirrors delighted them, and they fought one another for the privilege of standing before the glasses to admire the reflection of their horrid bodies.

They could not sit in the chairs, for their round bodies would not fit them; neither could the Roly-Rogues understand the use of beds. For when they rested or slept the creatures merely withdrew their limbs and heads, rolled over upon their backs, and slept soundly—no matter where they might be.

The shops were all entered and robbed of their wares, the Roly-Rogues wantonly destroying

all that they could not use. They were like ostriches in eating anything that looked attractive to them; one of the monsters swallowed several pretty glass beads, and some of the more inquisitive of them invaded the grocery-shops and satisfied their curiosity by tasting of nearly everything in sight. It was funny to see their wry faces when they sampled the salt and the vinegar.

Presently the entire city was under the dominion of the Roly-Rogues, who forced the unhappy people to wait upon them and amuse them; and if any hesitated to obey their commands, the monsters would bump against them, pull their hair, and make them suffer most miserably.

Aunt Rivette was in her room at the top of the palace when the Roly-Rogues invaded the city of Nole. At first she was as much frightened as the others; but she soon remembered she could escape the creatures by flying; so she quietly watched them from the windows. By and by, as they explored the palace, they came to Aunt Rivette's room and broke in the door; but the old woman calmly stepped out of her window upon a little iron balcony, spread her great wings, and flew away before the Roly-Rogues could catch her.

Then she soared calmly through the air, and having remembered that Bud and Fluff had gone to the river on a picnic, she flew swiftly in that direction and before long came to where the children and old Tallydab were eating their luncheon, while the dog Ruffles, who was in good spirits, sang a comic song to amuse them.

They were much surprised to see Aunt Rivette flying toward them; but when she alighted and told Bud that his kingdom had been conquered by the Roly-Rogues and all his people enslaved, the little party was so astonished that they stared at one another in speechless amazement.

"Oh, Bud, what shall we do?" finally asked Fluff, in distress.

"Don't know," said Bud, struggling to swallow a large piece of sandwich that in his excitement had stuck fast in his throat.

"One thing is certain," remarked Aunt Ri-



"STEPPING ASIDE, TELLYDEB AIMED A STRONG BLOW WITH HIS AX AT THE BODY OF THE FIRST ROLY-ROGUE."

vette, helping herself to a slice of cake, "our happy lives are now ruined forever. We should be foolish to remain here; and the sooner we escape to some other country where the Roly-Rogues cannot find us, the safer we shall be."

"But why run away?" asked Bud. "Can't something else be done? Here, Tallydab, you're one of my counselors. What do you say about this affair?"

Now the lord high steward was a deliberate old fellow, and before he replied he dusted the crumbs from his lap, filled and lighted his long pipe, and smoked several whiffs in a thoughtful manner.

"It strikes me," said he at last, "that by means of the Princess Fluff's magic cloak we can either destroy or scatter these rascally invaders and restore the kingdom to peace and prosperity."

"Sure enough!" replied Bud. "Why did n't we think of that before?"

"You will have to make the wish, Bud," said Fluff, "for all the rest of us have wished, and you have not made yours yet."

"All right," answered the king. "If I must, I must. But I'm sorry I have to do it now, for I was saving my wish for something else."

"But where's the cloak?" asked the dog, rudely breaking into the conversation. "You can't wish without the cloak."

"The cloak is locked up in a drawer in my room at the palace," said Fluff.

"And our enemies have possession of the palace," continued Tallydab, gloomily. "Was there ever such ill luck!"

"Never mind," said Aunt Rivette, "I'll fly back and get it—that is, if the Roly-Rogues have n't already broken open the drawer and discovered the cloak."

"Please go at once, then!" exclaimed Fluff. "Here is the key," and she unfastened it from the chain at her neck and handed it to her aunt. "But be careful, whatever you do, that those horrible creatures do not catch you."

"I'm not afraid," said Aunt Rivette, confidently. And taking the key, the old lady at once flew away in the direction of the city of Nole, promising to return very soon.

(To be continued.)



"BUT WHERE'S THE CLOAK?" ASKED THE DOG."



THE SWALLOWS' REVENGE.

—
BY MARGARET WATSON.

WE are all very fond of the swallows. They go darting about so quickly, and make such a pretty little twittering, and never do any harm, only good, because they eat up the flies which nobody wants.

We used to wish and wish that a pair would build a nest in our porch, over the front door, as they did in the porch of Mrs. Nutt's cottage.

We wished and wished—and then one spring morning, when we came in from our walk with Miss Wilson, our governess, Nancy said: "I do believe the swallows are going to build in the porch at last. There's a bit of mud stuck on the wall."

"Oh, where?" we all cried.

"Just there, up under the roof," said Nancy, pointing to it.

Then we all saw it. Just a few little dabs of mud sticking on the wall.

"Do you think the swallows did that?" I asked doubtfully.

And then, while we watched, a swallow came darting in over our heads and put another little dab of mud on the wall.

"There!" cried Nancy. "What do you say to that?"

So we sat and watched the swallows—all but Molly. First one and then the other came flying in and clung to the wall with its claws and wings, while it plastered a bit of mud on the nest.

We spent most of our spare time at that

window for the next day or two. It was so jolly to see the nest growing into shape.

The birds twittered over it, and talked to each other about it.

At last it was all plastered up, except the hole at which the birds were to go in and out, and they twittered round it, and flew up and down, as though they were looking to see if there was anything else they could do.

But they could n't see anything, so they darted away to catch a few flies for themselves, and rest a little on the telegraph wires.

In the morning the nest looked all right; but at noon, when we looked at it, there was a straw sticking out!

"What's that for?" said I. "I did n't know swallows lined their nests with straw."

"They don't," said Nancy, looking serious.

"You don't think—" cried Dora, breathlessly.

"I do, though," said Nancy.

"Why, what do you mean, Nancy?" asked Miss Wilson.

"Sparrows build nests with straw."

"Oh!" cried Molly. "Would a sparrow steal a swallow's nest?"

"They do, sometimes," answered Nancy.

"What can we do?" said Dora.

"Could n't we wait, and frighten the sparrows away?" I suggested.

"No use," said Nancy. "That would be impossible, for we can't stay here all day."

"If you would n't mind lifting me up, Miss Wilson, I 'd take that straw out, anyhow," I said.

So Miss Wilson lifted me up, and I pulled the straw out, and a feather came with it.

But we all felt anxious. Sparrows are not easily discouraged.

We hurried down to the dining-room window as soon as we could ; Miss Wilson actually said we might do our practising in the evening. She was really interested in the stolen nest herself.

So we watched, and very soon a saucy little cock sparrow came, carrying a feather in his mouth, and popped into the nest, and hustled round and round in it, and then came out ; and then the hen sparrow came, looking very slim and smooth, and she had a long straw, and dragged it after her into the nest, and twisted it round and round till she got it all in.

But just then the swallows came back.

They flew to their nest with a rush, twittering in a very anxious kind of way ; and the hen sparrow put her head out of the hole and ruffled up all her feathers, and the cock ruffled up his feathers and flew at them, pecking right and left. The poor swallows beat about with their wings, and gave little harsh cries, and swept about the porch ; but the sparrows had the nest, and their beaks were much stronger and harder than the swallows'.

"I 'll turn that provoking hen sparrow out, anyway," said Dora.

So she carried a chair into the porch, and climbed upon it, and then the sparrow flew out ; and, as soon as she took the chair away, one of the swallows flew in and turned round and round in it, flinging out the feathers and straw, and twittered away as happily as possible.

We were all so pleased.

But next morning, when we came down to breakfast, we found the sparrows had the nest again. So it seemed useless to do anything more.

When we came in, before dinner, we saw the swallows hovering about, and heard them talking to each other. So we settled down to watch.

We saw that the cock sparrow was inside the nest, making out to be very busy arranging it,

and the hen bird kept bringing him straws and feathers ; but both the swallows came up with bits of mud in their beaks.

Suddenly they darted into the porch, and each put a dab of mud on the mouth of the nest.

The sparrow looked out and pecked at them, but he did n't try to come out ; and the hen sparrow went inside, too.

Then one swallow flew away, while the other waited, hovering round the nest ; and presently the first one flew back with some mud, and swooped in and put it on the nest. Then he waited there while the other went away for mud and stuck it on, too.

"Whatever are they doing?" I said.

"I can't think," answered Nancy. "It 's very funny!"

They kept on, and by dinner-time the hole was much smaller.

"They 're going to wall those sparrows in!" cried Dora, with a sudden startling inspiration.

"I believe they are!" exclaimed Nancy.

So we called father and mother and Miss Wilson to see, and they said they had never seen anything like it. It was quite evident that that was what the swallows meant, but the sparrows had n't begun to suspect them yet.

We asked Miss Wilson and mother if we might have a half-holiday to watch them. Miss Wilson was half inclined to say, "No," though it was clear she wanted to watch, too, — perhaps that was why, — but father and mother both said it was such a wonderful thing that it would be a pity not to see it.

So we had the whole afternoon, after we had had our dinner, and that did n't take us long.

They kept right on, one watching and the other going for mud ; and at last the sparrows began to see that there was something wrong.

The cock put his head out and would have come out altogether, but the swallow clung to the edge of the nest and beat him back with his wings. After this they tried to get out once or twice, but I think they were thoroughly frightened, for they did n't seem to try very hard.

By four o'clock the thing was done. The sparrows were quite walled up in the swallows' nest, and not the tiniest hole was left ; and the

swallows sat on the fence and twittered contentedly to each other.

"Well," said Nancy, "I never could have believed that birds could take a deliberate revenge like that."

"It serves the sparrows right," I said. "The little thieves!"

"But what will they do now? Will they leave them to starve to death?" asked Molly.

"They won't care," said Dora. "But it does seem rather hard."

"I think they're very cruel little birds," said Miss Wilson. "They're sitting on the fence and rejoicing in their work."

"Well, it was provoking to have those robber sparrows take their house, just as they'd built it so beautifully," said Nancy; "but it seems rather dreadful to starve them to death for it."

"They deserve to be thoroughly well frightened, anyhow," said I. "We might leave them in till father comes home, and let him see it, and then let them out."

"Yes. That would give them a lesson, I should think," said Nancy.

When father came home he was very tired, so we thought he had better have tea before we talked to him about the birds.

After tea we begged him to come out on the porch and see the nest.

He said it was wonderful.

"Don't you think we ought to let them out?" asked Dora. "It's a dreadful death to starve."

"How long has it been finished?" asked father.

"Oh, about two hours," answered Nancy.

"Then I think you needn't fear starvation for those sparrows—they must have died long ago. The nest is so well sealed up they could not get any air to breathe."

"Oh, father! do you think so?" cried Molly, and she began to cry.

"Well, we'll see," said father, and he made a hole in the nest with his knife, and put his hand in and took out first one sparrow, and then the other; but they were both quite dead.

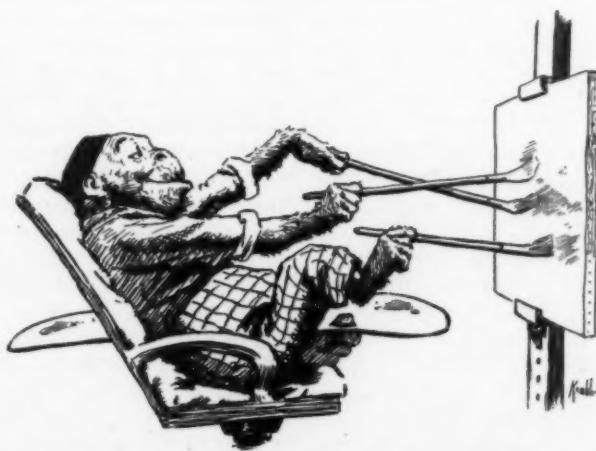
Molly cried more than ever.

"Don't cry, child," said father. "They must have died in a few minutes—and it was their own fault. They had no business there."

"I suppose the swallows will come back and have their nest now," I said.

But they never did. The nest stayed there empty all the summer.

I wonder if it was haunted.



"TALK ABOUT YOUR AMBIDEXTROUS CHAPS—JUST WATCH ME!"

PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U.S.A.

VI. HOW PINKEY CELEBRATED THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

WHEN the glamour of the first few days of vacation had worn off, Pinkey Perkins was seized with a commendable desire to earn money. Fourth of July was coming, and Pinkey's ideas as to what would be an appropriate sum to expend in celebrating the day differed materially from those he could reasonably expect his father to entertain. Besides, he felt that it would be a very creditable move to branch out and earn something for himself, to have a source of income entirely independent of his parents' generosity.

About this time the boy who had been employed by Mrs. Betts in the Post Office Book Store moved away from town, and Pinkey at once applied for and secured the position thus left vacant. He was to receive the princely sum of sixty cents a week, which amount would provide him with sufficient fire-crackers, torpedoes, pin-wheels, and Roman candles properly to celebrate the Fourth, and leave a fair-sized surplus for other things.

Pinkey's principal duties were to sweep out the store in the morning and to deliver to the business houses on and near the public square the daily papers, which arrived on the noon train from the big city, two hundred miles away.

In his new situation, Pinkey felt a pardonable importance. It delighted him to note that his daily visit was always an event of moment to those who waited for the latest news from the outside world. It is true that the town of Enterprise could boast of two home papers, but they were weeklies and contained little news from beyond the county limits.

Bunny Morris, Pinkey's closest chum, envied Pinkey his position, which, aside from being a financial boon, brought him constantly before the public. As a consequence, Bunny, too, was seized with the money-making fever, and

at once set about seeking a "situation," as he was wont to term it. He went from place to place, without any decided opinions as to the special character of the service he would perform, or as to what the weekly wage should be. His one aim was to get the situation; what he could earn would be just that much clear gain.

After many fruitless and widely varied endeavors to obtain employment, Bunny finally was successful in securing the position of telegraph messenger at the railroad station, where all telegrams were received. For each message delivered beyond the public square he was to receive ten cents; all others he must deliver free. The situation was not a very paying one, but it carried with it certain privileges which meant more than the salary. It entitled him to admission behind the gate in the railroad office, forbidden ground heretofore untrdden by juvenile feet.

With the keenest delight did Bunny love to impress the importance of his position on the crowd of idle boys always about the station, by announcing with a very lordly air that he "must go in and get to work." In reality, there was not a thing for him to do, but he knew with what burning envy his auditors watched him as he passed through the wooden gate which bore the forbidding "NO ADMITTANCE" sign, on behind the counter, and, if he chose, clear into that holy of holies—the ticket-office. The best that his jealous companions could do was to go around to the other side of the station and look through the window at him.

Pinkey and Bunny had made their plans for a great celebration of the Fourth, and, for once in their lives, they were going to have enough material. Before they obtained employment their outlook had not been very rosy, and the fund which they had together accumulated since vacation began, to be expended in fire-crackers,

torpedoes, pin-wheels, and Roman candles, was still far below their desires.

But the financial outlook was now no longer serious, and they were assured of all that they had dreamed of in the line of pyrotechnics, with plenty of funds remaining to meet any and every other possible desire.

Enterprise had decided to observe the Fourth in grand style. According to the posters, there were to be a balloon ascension and parachute

wondered how in the world they were going to manage to see everything.

Now it happened that at that time the important office of the city marshal of Enterprise was held by one Jeremiah Satrap Singles, a very self-respecting person, and a passed master in the duties of constable.

And among the laws which "Old Tin Star," as the boys called him, specially liked to enforce was the usual ordinance that can be found on the records of any small town, prohibiting loafing about the railroad station, or "depot," as it is invariably called, or riding on the cars and engines.

Since Bunny had attained his position at the telegraph office, he and Pinkey had succeeded in making friends with the engineers to such an extent that they enjoyed the privilege of riding about the yards while switching was in progress, and frequently they rode all the way to the coal-mine, whither the engine went almost daily to get the output of the day before for shipment. Enterprise being the terminus of the branch line from the big city, the train that arrived in the evening remained overnight and departed again the next morning.

Notwithstanding the fear of the town marshal, the boys continued their riding; for Bunny felt that, employed as he was in the railroad office, he should not be molested. In fact, he felt a sort of partnership in the entire railroad system now, and secretly wondered how the company had ever prospered without his services. Pinkey, of course, was entitled to anything that Bunny enjoyed.

For a few days before the Fourth, however, Pinkey did not go to the depot. His fondness for that locality had become known to his parents, and he was at once ordered to stay away; and Pinkey feared that something might happen to interfere with the plans he and Bunny had made to go down early to see the circus-train arrive on the morning of the great day.

Fourth of July dawned bright and clear, to the booming of cannon fire-crackers and other ear-splitting noises invented to show patriotism.

True to their prearranged plan, Pinkey and Bunny met at Pinkey's house at a strangely early hour for them. Knowing that they would not get breakfast for several hours, they repaired



IN THE PANTRY.

jump, a barbecue, two bands to furnish the music, and a wonderful display of fireworks at night. What more delightful prospects could any one desire than the pleasures offered by such a combination?

The post-office would be closed on the Fourth, and Pinkey would be free all day. But about two weeks before the Fourth, when several bill-posters arrived in town and spread broadcast over barns, fences, shops, and empty buildings the colored bills announcing that, in addition to the advertised celebration, there would be a circus in town on that day, Pinkey and Bunny were in a perfect whirlwind of excitement, and

to the pantry and regaled themselves with the remains of an especially delicious custard-pie.

Even as it was, they were none too early; for, while still several blocks from the station, they heard a warning whistle at the crossing a mile from town, and at once broke into a run, arriving tired and panting, but on time to the dot, just as the long train pulled up to the platform.

Pinkey was the first to find the elephant-car, and he availed himself of the right of discovery by ascending the ladder at the end of the car and dispensing to the eager crowd about him fragments of information gained by peeping through a convenient opening near the top. He reported that there were "three big elephants and a baby one and four camels" in the car.

Then came the unloading of the gilded chariots, animal-cages, band-wagons, and all the circus belongings, and the removal of the same to the show-grounds in a vacant lot near by.

The wildest sort of guesses were made as to the probable contents of this or that box-like cage, adorned on the outside with gaudy paintings of unknown animals, but which in reality was filled with ropes, canvas, and tent-pins.

When, at last, the tents had taken definite shape, and all the visible animals and the cages containing the others had been taken inside (away from the gaze of the multitude), Pinkey and Bunny reluctantly decided to allow the circus to shift for itself for a time and go home to breakfast.

Pinkey could hardly eat his breakfast, so desirous was he of acquainting his parents with the wonders he had seen. As soon as he had finished, he effected a prearranged meeting with Bunny, and together the busy pair at once returned to their neglected circus.

But there was little to be seen at the show-grounds at that hour, so the boys decided to vary the program by going over to the station and enjoying a ride on the engine and

going out to the coal-mine, provided the engine made its usual trip that morning.

Keeping a sharp lookout, lest Jeremiah be somewhere in sight, the boys climbed up on the engine and, as was their custom, wished Mr. Plumber, the engineer, universally known as "Dad," and his fireman, a very polite "Good morning," and then remained discreetly silent.

They had long since learned not to ask permission to ride,—as that courted a refusal,—but had found it much better just to clamber aboard, maintain a respectful silence, and, to the best of their ability, keep out of the way.

And never did they miss a chance to be of



"WHAT WERE YOU KIDS DOING ON THAT ENGINE A FEW MINUTES AGO?"

any slight assistance in the way of filling the water-jug for the fireman, or handing a wrench or piece of waste to the engineer when he was out on the ground, oiling up. They never felt secure, however, until the fireman told them to get up and sit on part of his cushion, where they would be well out of the way. This position they

knew to be permanent until it was time for the train to pull out. Thus seated, they would shrink themselves into as small a space as possible, and remain perfectly quiet and subdued, rarely speaking even to each other.

On the morning in question, after switching in the yard for a while, Pinkey and Bunny, from their perch on the fireman's bench, saw the brakeman give the familiar signal, in reply to which Dad reached up and gave the whistle-lever two short jerks, and they heard the "toot-toot" from the whistle above the cab.

The two boys nudged each other eloquently and moved a little closer to the window in the front end of the cab, for they knew they were bound for the coal-mine. Life for them contained no more blissful moments than these, when they were permitted to sit in the swaying cab and look out on the track ahead and watch the two lines of steel being apparently devoured by the monster beneath them.

When they returned from the mine, about an hour later, and the cars of coal were coupled to the waiting train, their morning's ride came to an end and the two boys dismounted from the engine, intending to return to the show-grounds and see how preparations for the morning parade were progressing.

As Pinkey's feet reached the ground and he turned to walk away from the engine, his heart seemed to leap into his throat. There, not thirty yards away, seated with some other men on a pile of railroad-ties in the shade of a wheat-elevator, was Jeremiah Satrap Singles, his badge of office shining forth as a formidable reminder of his authority.

"Gee, Bunny, there's Old Tin Star! D'you s'pose he saw us getting off the engine?" said Pinkey, fearing to look again in the direction of the pile of ties.

"Oh, cracky! I hope not, Pinkey," replied Bunny, much disturbed. "F he did, it's all up with us, an' he'll fine us three dollars and costs, and lock us up, too, maybe."

"And we'd miss the p'rade and the circus and the fireworks, too, Bunny."

"What d'you s'pose we'd better do—run?"

"I dunno 's there's any good in runnin', 'cause if he wants us he'll get us 'fore long, anyway. There's only one way to find out if

he saw us, and that is to give him a chance to catch us. If he saw us runnin', he'd know in a minute we were runnin' from him."

"What you goin' to do, Pinkey,—go up an' tell him we wuz ridin'?"

"What d'you take me for, anyway? Course I'm not goin' to tell him. Just you stay here and I'll find out if he saw us or not."

Without explaining to Bunny what his plans were, Pinkey walked deliberately over to the group of which the marshal was the central figure, and going straight up to him, asked in polite and respectful tones: "Mr. Singles, could you please tell me what time it is?"

Mr. Singles did not reply for a minute, but fastened a severe gaze on Pinkey, much to the boy's inward discomfort. Then he slowly took his watch from his vest pocket, glanced down at it for an instant, and as he snapped the case shut again, said in a most foreboding tone: "It's just five minutes to ten. What were you kids doing on that engine a few minutes ago?"

That settled it. There was no hope for them now. For a moment Pinkey stood silent and thoughtful, then he managed to muster the one word: "Riding."

"Well, you boys have been doing too much riding around here, and as soon as I can swear out a warrant for you I'll have you up before the justice of the peace."

Pinkey did not know that had Jeremiah desired to arrest him and Bunny just then, he did not need a warrant. Nor did he appreciate that, just at that moment, the preparations for the circus parade were as interesting to the marshal as to any one else.

"I'm too busy now to attend to your case," continued the comfortable Singles; "but as soon as I go up-town I'll see to it."

All this might be in real earnest or it might be said just to scare them, but Pinkey was not for taking any chances. For the first time in his life he realized the grim majesty of the law in all its terror, and he decided that the greater distance that he and Bunny maintained between themselves and Mr. Singles, the better for them.

There was nothing to do but to beat a retreat and inform Bunny of the fix they were in.

After getting several blocks away from the

railroad yards, they stopped to discuss matters and to decide on their future movements.

"What are we ever goin' to do?" asked Bunny, solemnly. "I 'spose it 'll cost us five dollars apiece for fines if we get taken up."

To Pinkey and Bunny "the country" meant the farm about two miles south of town where one of Pinkey's uncles lived, and where, during the holidays and on Saturdays, the two boys were frequent and welcome guests.

Bunny was soon convinced of the soundness of Pinkey's arguments, and the pair at once began their preparations for departure.

The store of supplies was secreted in the woodshed at Pinkey's home, and thither they went as soon as their decision was made. While Bunny was stowing the fireworks in an empty bag, Pinkey scribbled a note on a scrap of paper, and slipped around the house and pinned it to the side door. There was no one at home, and no one saw him leave his message.

The note was decidedly brief, but it carried sufficient information to serve its purpose. It read:

Gone to country. If Mr. Singles asks you where we are, tell him you don't know exactly. P. & B.

Then they set out, making a wide circuit of the town to avoid detection and possible questioning. When their way was clear to the southward, they gave the main road a wide berth, keeping to the open fields. They imagined that Mr. Singles would probably inquire for them of every person he met, so they

avoided the human race in general, trudging doggedly on, weighed down by the heavy load of ill luck that had blighted their hopes.

Presently the sound of music came faintly to their ears, and they knew that the parade was in progress, and a cold chill settled on their hearts as every step took them farther and farther away from all that was dear to them.

When they arrived at their destination, they found the place deserted, the whole family having gone to town for the celebration. But they



"IN THE AFTERNOON THEY FINISHED THEIR DAYTIME FIREWORKS."

"We 're not goin' to get taken up," said Pinkey, resolutely. "We 're goin' to the country just as fast as we can get there. What 's the use of stayin' here, just *waitin'* to get arrested?"

"An' miss the p'rade, an' the b'loon ascension an' fireworks, an' everything," moaned Bunny.

"What fun is there stayin' around town when Old Tin Star is liable to light on you any minute and arrest you? No, siere; I 'm goin' to take *my* fireworks and skip just as quick as I know how."

were safe from pursuit. Out in the woods pasture they went with their store of fireworks, and there, in the shade of the large oak-trees, with no audience save the astonished animals who from a safe distance observed the strange performance, Pinkey and Bunny observed the Nation's Birthday with all the juvenile rites the situation would permit.

In the afternoon they finished their daytime fireworks, and then they enjoyed themselves about the farm until evening should come and they could set off the half-dozen sky-rockets they had brought with them.

Pinkey's uncle came home early in the evening to attend to the stock; and when the boys explained to him the cause of their absence from town, they were disappointed that he did not appear concerned about their plight, or even surprised at finding them there.

When they had unburdened themselves, he told them they need not be alarmed any further; that Pinkey's father had learned from Mr. Singles the cause for the note on the door and their hurried departure, and had promised for them that they would ride no more on the engine. Mr. Singles had consented to let them off this time only on

that condition, and if they wished to return home with that understanding, they were at liberty to do so, and no harm would come to them.



PINKEY AND BUNNY ON THE FIREMAN'S BENCH.

That night Pinkey and Bunny attended the circus, as they had planned in the beginning, and enjoyed it all the more, because on that occasion they felt as a rightful owner might who had recovered some lost and valued treasure.

PHOTOGRAPHING A FLICKER FAMILY.

(With Pictures by Herman T. Bohlman.)

BY WILLIAM LOVELL FINLEY.



If I were the owner of the Oregon firs about the reed-covered pond, I'd rather take a lease from the flickers than from any other bird family. They're not always a-moving south and leaving your trees without an occupant as soon as the first frost nips. When the thermometer drops low and the kinglets are twittering too softly to be heard more than a few yards away, "highhole"

always sends a full share of bird cheer up and down the scattering woods. Nor is he half as particular as some of the bird residents. He takes the best of the few remaining stumps and seems satisfied. Once he pounded out a wooden home just below his last year's house. His wife did n't like it very much, but they settled it in some way and reared a thriving family.

"Redhammer" of the West, like "yellowhammer," his Eastern cousin, is a rather odd mixture of woodpecker and robin. The *Picus* family in general takes its food from the bark of a tree, but redhammer often feeds on berries, grain, and earthworms. According to woodpecker taste, a bird should cling to the side of a tree, clutching two toes above and two below, with body propped by his tail; but highhole is independent and often sits on a limb as an ordinary percher. Nature has given the flicker a bill slightly curved, instead of straight and chisel-shaped. But why does this Westerner parade the woods in a jaunty suit lined with

red, while his Eastern cousin flaunts from tree to tree in a yellow-lined jacket?

Highhole is somewhat of a barbarian among the Romans about the pond. He knows nothing about, nor does he care for, the finer arts of architecture and music. A dark den suits him as well as a mansion. He has a voice like the "holler" of a lusty-lunged, whole-souled plow-boy. As he swings from stump to stump, his wings flash red like a beacon-light. He shouts, "Yar-up! Yar-up! Yar-up!" from the tree-top, or occasionally he breaks the woody silence with a prolonged, jovial "Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" Sometimes he sounds a softer chord in his nature. In the spring I have often seen him hitch slowly up the stump to his favorite trysting-place, where he calls, "Zwick-a! Zwick-a!" to his mate.

With a tinge of regret I've watched the clumps of fir thinned year after year. High-hole does not care a snap. He can bore a hole in a church steeple as easily as in a fir snag. The moral influence on his family is about the same in one place as the other.

For two seasons I watched a red-shafted flicker rear his family in the tall steeple of a Presbyterian church in the heart of the city. Another flicker dug a home in one of the maples that border the walk about a large grammar-school. The poor hen was harassed half to death by attention from the boys, but she reared four lusty shouters.

I have known highhole for years. For two seasons we have photographed him and his family. He has punctured with doors and



"IN THE HOLLOWED HEART OF A CERTAIN FIR LAY SEVEN GLOSSY EGGS."

windows every old stump about the pond. Every one of these old boles is dead to the deepest root, yet I generally find them throbbing at the heart more vitally than the greenest

neighbor in the clump. Redhammer is not altogether idle during the months of rain and snow. When he does work, he goes like an automatic toy wound to the limit. As soon as the weather brightens into the first warm spring-like day, he and his wife have a wooden house well near its completion.

Few birds have larger families than the highhole. But were it not for the number of his family, how could he hold his own among so many enemies? His conspicuous size and color always make him a shining mark

to the collector, for every village lad in the land has collected flicker's eggs. He is a fellow of expediency, however. If his home is robbed, his wife soon lays another set of eggs. It is on record that one pair, when tested by the removal of egg after egg, laid seventy-one eggs in seventy-three days.

In the hollowed heart of a certain fir, on a bed of fine wood bits, lay seven glossy eggs, inanimate, but full of promise. They all had the vital flesh-tinge of pink. Each imprisoned a precious spark of life, to be fanned by the magic brooding of the mother's breast.

Redhammer had grown quite trustful. We got a ladder twenty-five feet long, which reached

almost up to the nest. The eggs had been placed a foot and a half below the round entrance. On the opposite side from the entrance, and on a level with the eggs, we sawed out a back door, giving a good view of the living-room, and letting in a little sunlight. With the camera ready to snap, firmly fastened to a small board, we climbed the tree. Holding it out to a measured distance, we aimed it downward at the eggs. The first attempt came nearer landing camera and all in a heap in the shallow water of the pond, than getting a photograph of the eggs; but after several trials a good picture was taken.

Neither mother nor father flicker seemed exactly to understand our right of making free with their home. The former nervously returned to her nest each time we descended the tree. She climbed in the front door. It was easy enough to recognize her own eggs, but that new door was a puzzle. She had to slip out and examine it half a dozen times, return-



"WITH THE CAMERA READY TO SNAP, FIRMLY FASTENED TO A SMALL BOARD, WE CLIMBED THE TREE."



"THEY LIKED TO CLING TO OUR CLOTHING."

ing always by the round door above. This modernized dwelling made her a little uneasy, but she soon settled down, satisfied to brood



THE PARENT BIRD AT HIS FRONT DOOR.

(Copyright, 1903, by H. T. Bohlman.)

she flipped across the way and sat while the visitors nosed about and prowled in her house.

Those naked baby flickers were the ugliest little bird youngsters I ever saw.

In the heart of the fir the development was rapid. The thin, drawn lids of each callow prisoner cracked and revealed a pair of black eyes. Feathers sprouted and spread from the rolls of fatty tissue up and down their backs. Each bill pointed ever upward to the light. The instant the doorway darkened, each sprung open to its limit. The nestlings soon took to climbing the walls, not solely for amusement. The sharp ears of each youngster caught the scrape of the mother's claws the instant she clutched the bark of the tree, and this sound always precipitated a neck-stretching scramble toward the door. The young had little chance of exercis-

and watch her gossipping neighbors at the same time. After we fastened up the new entrance, flicker affairs went on as usual.

Some of our later visits were certainly a little tiresome for the brooding mother. A knock at the foot of the tree was generally followed by an impatient eye and a dangerous-looking long bill at the threshold, the greeting a busy housewife gives an intruding peddler.

With a bored look,

ing their wings; so the next time we climbed the tree with the camera, they were apparently full-grown, strong in climbing, but, to our advantage, weak in flying.

We are not likely to forget the day we climbed the stump to picture the young flickers. The full significance of the task had not struck us. Nor had the enjoyment of it dawned upon the fledglings. They were bashful at first, but after a little coaxing and fondling they were as tame as

pet pussies. They climbed out and crowded the stump-top, where

they sat in the warm sunshine, stretching, fluffing, bowing, and preening.

They liked to cling to our clothing. A coat sleeve was easier climbing than a tree-trunk,

and it was softer to penetrate with a peck. There was a streak of ambition in the soul of each flicker that would put most people to shame. They climbed continually, and always toward the top. Up our arms to our shoulders they would go, and then to our heads. Just at the instant one's mind and energy were directed toward balancing in the tree-top, he was sure to get a series of pecks in the cheek. One might endure the pecks of the sharp claws as they penetrated his clothing now and then, but he would be likely to cringe under the sting of a sharp chisel-shaped drill boring with rapid blows into his arm.



"THEY CLIMBED OUT AND CROWDED THE STUMP-TOP."



"ON GUARD."

I could n't see any use in the parents working themselves to death feeding such ravenous full-grown children. "They might as well 'hustle' a little for themselves," I said, as I climbed the stump next morning. We took all five of the fledglings to the ground. Wild strawberries they gulped down with a decided relish until we got tired and cut short the supply. We soon had a regular "yar-uping" concert. One young cock clutched the bark with his claws, his stiff-pointed tail-feathers propping his body in the natural woodpecker position as he hitched nestward up the tree, followed by his mates.

Afterward, when I set all five on a near-by

aggravated patience of the bird photographer. "About face!" was executed with the same lack of discipline on the part of the feathered company. The captain stepped meekly around to the other side of the limb, and planted himself and camera in the rear.

During our early acquaintance the fledgling flickers savagely resisted our attempts to coax them out of their home. After a few hours in the warm sunshine, they fought every effort to put them back. They were no longer nestlings, for a bit of confidence had transformed them into full-fledged birds of the world.

The following day a casual observer might have noticed that the flicker population of the



"COMPANY, ATTENTION!" FRONT VIEW.



REAR VIEW.

limb with the order, "Company, attention! Right dress!" they were the rawest and most unruly recruits I ever handled. If the upper guide did not keep moving, he received a gouge from his impatient neighbor below. This was sure either to set the whole squad in motion, or to start a family brawl, without regard to the

fir woods had increased. Here and there, one caught sight of a bird bearing the emblem of a black crescent hung about his neck. Juvenile "Yar-ups" echoed among the scattered trees and over the pond. Occasionally there were flashes of red as wings opened and closed and a bird swung through the air in wave-like flight.

HOW TO STUDY PICTURES.

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

A series of articles for the older girls and boys who read "St. Nicholas."

NINTH PAPER.

COMPARING JOHN CONSTABLE (BORN 1776, DIED 1837) WITH JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER (BORN 1775, DIED 1851).

WHAT a contrast of serene simplicity and character of every tree and object in the familiar splendid audacity these pictures present! The scene. It was along the banks of this little river one, a loving record of something intimately familiar; the other, an amazing vision of the imagination. Turner's was painted in 1829—one of the finest works of this master, who is a solitary figure in landscape art, almost unapproached by others. Constable's picture appeared six years later—an excellent example of the painter who may be regarded as the father of modern landscape.

"The Valley Farm" itself is on the river Stour in the county of Sussex, England, near the mill at East Bergholt where Constable was born; for he, like Rembrandt, was a miller's son. It is a characteristic bit of English scenery, not grand or romantic; just a tiny bit of a little country, so home-like that those who love it, as Constable

did, get to have a companionship with every detail, learning to know the line of its hills, the winding of its streams, and the position and



"THE VALLEY FARM." BY CONSTABLE.

that he strayed in boyhood; whither, too, he came back, after he had been studying in London at the schools of the Royal Academy, and

copying the pictures in the galleries, especially those of Hobbema and Ruisdael. But he soon tired of looking at nature through the eyes of other men. "There is room enough," he wrote to a friend, "for a nature-painter. Painting is with me but another name for feeling; and I associate my careless boyhood with all that lies upon the banks of the Stour; those scenes made me a painter and I am thankful." This is the kind of spirit which, we have seen, inspired the Dutch landscape-painters of the seventeenth century; and, indeed, their love of nature was reborn in Constable. For in the lapse of time

pictures—that the clouds might move and overhang the spot, that its atmosphere might penetrate every part of the scene, and that trees and water, and the very plants by the roadside, might move and have their being in it; and secondly, he put his own personal affection into his representation. Then, too, in the matter of color, which cannot be judged from the reproduction, he dared to paint nature green, as he saw it, and the skies blue, with the sunshine either yellow or glaring white.

It is, then, because of this closer faithfulness to the hues of nature, and to the effects of



"ULYSSES DERIDING POLYPHEMUS." BY TURNER.

their art had been forgotten; the Dutchmen themselves, like the painters of France and England, had forsaken the direct study of nature for an attempt to picture the grandeur of the classic landscape. Reynolds, who drew his inspiration from Italy, had set its stamp upon English portraiture; and Claude, the Italian-Frenchman, was the landscape-painter most admired.

Constable painted the scene as he saw it, but he was not satisfied with merely copying nature. It was to him so real a companion that, in the first place, he tried to make it live in his

movement, of atmosphere, and of light, and because he interpreted nature according to his own mood, that Constable is called the father of modern landscape. For these are the qualities that particularly occupied the artists of the nineteenth century.

On the threshold of this new movement stood Turner, alone among his fellow landscape-painters, the most imaginative of them all, who was less concerned with the truth of nature than with its splendors and magic. No one has equaled him in suggesting the mystery of

nature in its sublime forms. One turns to the "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus," not to be drawn toward it and made to feel at home, as in the case of the Constable, but to be lifted up and filled with wonder at its strangeness and mysterious grandeur.

The incident depicted in it is from Homer's "Odyssey." The hero, Ulysses, in his voyage from Troy to his home in Ithaca, stopped at the isle of the Cyclops, and with his followers approached the cave of Polyphemus. The monster devoured six of the crew; but the hero plied him with wine brought from his vessel, and, while he slept, put out his single eye. The mariners then escaped to their ship, while Polyphemus, in his pain and rage, flung rocks in the direction of their voices. We see his huge form writhing on the top of the cliff; the sailors scrambling up the masts to loosen the sails; the red oars flashing upon the water; a bevy of sea-nymphs around the prow drawing the ships to safety through the green water, the latter gilded with the reflections of the rising sun, that paints with gold and crimson the little clouds floating in the vaporous sky, wherein are rifts which reveal further depths of blue.

But really the incident was of very little account to Turner, except as it furnished him with a peg upon which to hang the splendors of his own imagination. Fourteen years earlier he had painted "Dido Building Carthage," which showed that Turner could compete with Claude, the landscape-artist then held in highest repute. But his mind was set upon further things: having proved that he could rival Claude, he would now be Turner—himself. At this time he paid the first of three visits to Italy, and the picture we are studying, painted after his return, reveals a heightened sense of color, and the magnificence of his imagination, probably, at his highest point.

The mystery of this picture, its spaces of light and darkness, that the eye explores but cannot fathom, we are conscious of at once. Moreover, if we think about it, we are sure that, if our eye could pierce the shadows and closely discern the formation of the rocks, definitely learn the structure of the ship and the appearance of its sailors, peer into the distance and discover exactly how each mass of cliff succeeds

another; if, in a word, our eye could grasp everything and convey the facts distinctly to our understanding, we should not enjoy the picture as we do. It is the sense of something hidden that is one of the sources of its enjoyment.

And then the strangeness of the picture—that arch of rock; the huge, roughly hewn figure of Polyphemus; a sky full of surprises to people who seldom see the daily pageantry of sunrise. But it is less in detail than in general character that the picture is strange. The artist has taken a theme of old times, when the world was young and things loomed very big to men's imagination. For to the ancients the world seemed huge and mysterious, and they peopled its unknown spaces with fanciful beings that were vague and large. In old Greece, as in the Norse mountains or the German forests, the old-time peoples imagined weird personages vast in size, only half formed in shape, whom they called either gods or giants; and it is the suggestion of this vastness, of the early beginning of things,—this great strangeness, in a word,—that helps to make Turner's picture so impressive. Turner's scene seems part of a vast new world; Constable's, a little spot that for ages the hand and heart of man have shaped.

Whether Turner felt toward nature the wonder which his pictures inspire in us, may be doubted. His life was a strange contradiction to the splendor and imagination of his work. Like many other great landscape-artists, he was city-bred. The son of a barber in London, he early showed a talent for drawing, and the father hung the child's productions on the wall of his shop and sold them to his customers. By degrees the boy obtained employment in coloring architectural designs, and at fourteen was entered as a pupil in the schools of the Royal Academy. The following year he exhibited his first picture. He worked with tireless energy, and during vacations went on walking tours, sketching continually and painting in water-colors; so that, by the time he was twenty-four and admitted as an associate to the Academy, he had exhibited pictures which ranged over twenty-six counties of England and Wales. During this early period his greatest success was made in water-colors, in which

he developed a remarkable skill. He would brook no rivalry. Girtin was at that time the most admired artist in water-colors; he set to work to surpass him. Having done so, he practically abandoned this work for oil-colors, and then threw down, as we have already noted, a gauntlet to the popular admiration for Claude.

Turner's rule of conduct, in fact, was "aut Cæsar aut nullus." Having established his supremacy over rivals, at least to his own satisfaction, he set himself to conquer a universe of his own. For a period of twelve years, beginning with the picture of Ulysses and ending with the one of a tug-boat towing to a wrecker's yard a ship of the line, "The Fighting Temeraire," and with "The Burial of Wilkie at Sea," he did his greatest work. For during this period his imagination was at its ripest and richest, displayed particularly in the majesty of moving depths of water, in skies of vast grandeur, and in the splendor of his color-schemes; moreover, the workmanship of his pictures was solid, and he still based his imagination on the facts of nature. But, as time went on, he studied nature less and less. He seems to have felt almost an intoxication of actual skill in using paint, until one may suspect that he thought more of the magic of his brush and paints than of the qualities of nature which he was supposed to be representing. So his later pictures were greatly inferior to his earlier work.

And during all these years his life as a man was morose and mean; his house in Queen Anne Street was dirty and neglected; and, finally, it was in a still more squalid haunt in a wretched part of London that he was found dead. When his will was opened, the curious contradiction that he was fond of hoarding money and yet refused to sell the majority of his pictures was explained. He had left his works to the National Gallery, and his money as a fund for the relief of poor artists. A strange mingling of greatness and sordidness, of boorish manners and kindly sympathy!

Constable, on the other hand, led a happy, simple life in the village of which he wrote, in one of his letters, published by his friend, the painter Leslie, "I love every stile and stump and lane." It was an out-of-door life, for he

painted, as he expressed it, "under the sun"; observing the big clouds as they rolled inland from the North Sea, with their attendant effects of light and shadow. He became, in fact, the first of the modern school of open-air painting.

The Englishmen, however, of that date, paid Constable little honor. It is true he was made an associate of the Royal Academy in 1819, after which he moved from Suffolk and established himself in what was then the village of Hampstead on the northern outskirts of London; but it was not until he had been honored with a gold medal by the French that the Academy admitted him to full membership. Nor did this increase the public's appreciation; he died at Hampstead in very meager circumstances, but with the happy expectation that some day his pictures would be understood and valued. The expectation has been fully realized.

Such tardy reward has been the lot of many painters great enough to create something new. Turner would not have been so highly esteemed in his own generation but that Ruskin, the most admired writer upon art in his time, was his enthusiastic advocate, extolling him, indeed, with extravagant enthusiasm. Ruskin claimed for him every virtue of a painter; and the later discovery, that he was not so great as his advocate claimed, has somewhat obscured the greatness that was really his.

Moreover, the world has now become so persuaded of the beauty of the natural style of landscape-painting that it is distrustful of the imaginative. In its praise of Constable it rather pooh-poohs Turner.

This is a foolish and ignorant attitude of mind. The proper one for the genuine student is to recognize that in art, as in any other department of life, a man should be judged by what he himself is.

Now to a man who loves nature Constable must appeal; yet — it may be on a mountain, or in the presence of a sunset, or beside a little brook, anywhere, at any time — to the lover of nature may come a moment in which the details of the landscape are swept into forgetfulness, and all he is conscious of is a sense of his soul being strengthened, purified, exalted. It is so that Turner's best pictures may affect him.

THE GOOSE GIRL.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



Oh, I 'm a goose, and you 're a goose, and
we 're all geese together.

We wander over hill and dale, all in the
sweet June weather,
While wise folk stay indoors and pore

O'er dusty books for learning lore.
How glad I am—how glad you are—that
we 're birds of a feather:
That you 're a goose, and I 'm a goose,
and we 're all geese together!

HONEY-BEE.

—
BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



HONEY-BEE, honey-bee! Here is some money;
Take it and bring us a pot of new honey!
Fly away! Fly, you buzzing old rover!
Gather us sweets from the blossoming clover!

"OUR FRIENDS THE TREES."

(Showing the branch, leaf, fruit, and general form of several of our common fruit and nut bearing trees. See page 862.)



WILD CHERRY.



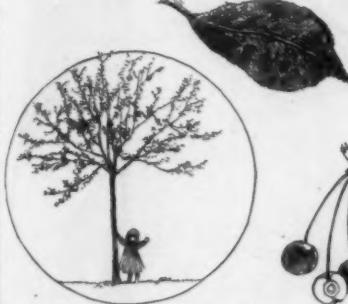
QUINCE.



PEACH.



PLUM.



CHERRY.



APPLE.

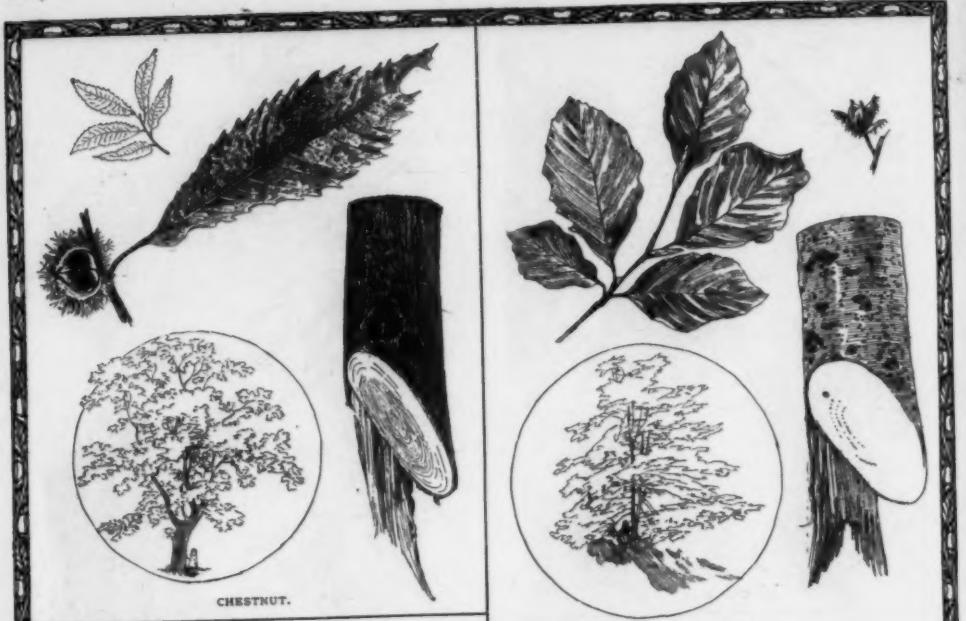


CRAB-APPLE.

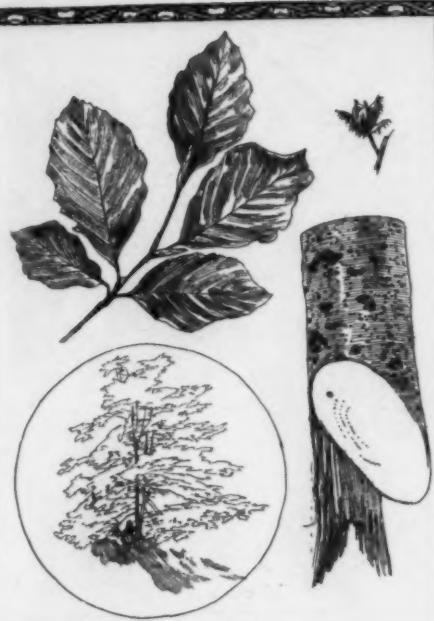


PEAR.

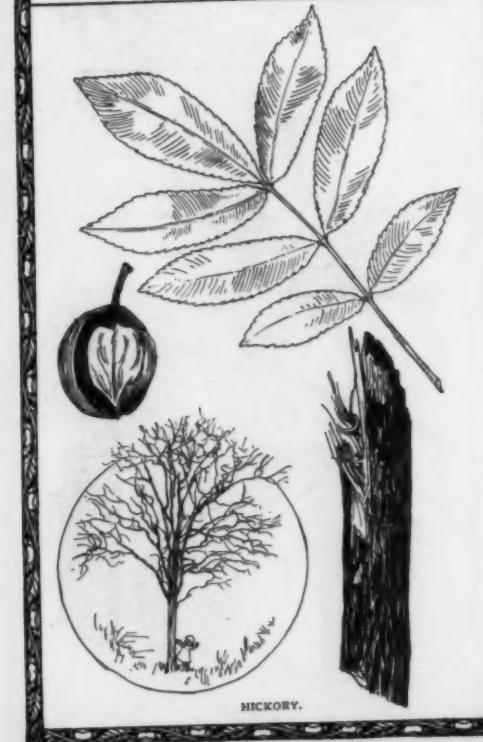




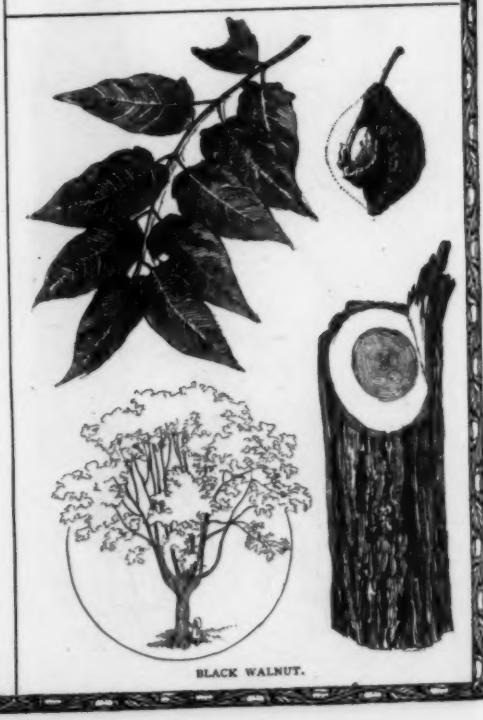
CHESTNUT.



BEECH.



HICKORY.



BLACK WALNUT.



BUTTERNUT.



WHITE OAK.



WHITE MULBERRY.



CEDAR.

ANIMAL PETS



ON

SHIP-BOARD



BY THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER E. W. STURDY, U. S. N.

ANIMAL pets have ever been a great joy to the average sailor. There is hardly a ship afloat that does not carry one or more such little favorites, to whom the crew are universally kind. More than this, there is frequently developed an attachment between men and animals that is seldom to be seen on shore; and the intelligence displayed by these animals often far exceeds the wonderful stories we sometimes see in print. On men-of-war there is probably more consideration shown the crew in this regard than on merchantmen; at all events, you will find there many more ship's pets. It is by no means uncommon to see upon the same deck a dozen or more well-trained animals of various kinds whose natural homes are separated by thousands of miles.

The number and variety of animals brought home depend not only upon the countries visited, but to quite an equal extent upon the knowing how to take such care of each and every one that he will thrive in any climate and under conditions sometimes very trying. When we started forth in a certain ship on a cruise around the world, we had on board a black cat — every ship has a cat, and a black cat is supposed to insure good luck; a young Newfound-

land dog — quite a puppy he was then; and a very fierce-looking American eagle, the gift of one of the ship's visitors. This last we kept in a large cage, and for a long time he was treated with unquestioned respect, for his claws were sharp and his beak strong and forbidding.

From being suspicious of the intentions of any one who approached his cage, and almost resenting the offer of food and water, "Rocky" in a few weeks grew more trusting; and when the peculiarities of his appetite became understood by the crew he was so pampered in that respect that he would work his head from side to side in a knowing way, which plainly indicated that he appreciated the tidbits placed before him. Gradually it was admitted that he was under the special care of Tim Burton, for Tim had succeeded somehow in gaining Rocky's confidence to a greater extent than any one else. During the whole cruise, no matter what new pets were adopted on board, nor how interesting they might be in their individual antics, the crew remained so steadfastly loyal to Rocky that he never occupied other than the first place in their affections.

Of the black cat we really saw but little. He was known as "Erebus," and was friendly only with the captain of the hold, to whom he would come occasionally with a rat in his mouth, and ask in a cat-like way for some reward of his service in clearing the ship of one more pest.

"Rover," the Newfoundland puppy, grew rapidly in size and intelligence. He attached



"SHIP AHoy!"

himself to Andy Smith, the coxswain of the first cutter, and kept near him on all possible occasions. At meals he was by Andy's side at the mess-cloth, lying quietly until his food had been placed on a tin plate marked with his name. He never moved unless he was very hungry, when he would thump the deck a little with his tail until Andy gave him permission; then, dexterously taking the plate in his mouth, he carried it off some distance, and, without spilling the least particle on the clean decks, carefully ate his ration. When finished, he always licked his plate scrupulously clean and carried it to the mess-cook, whose duty it was to wash all mess-gear. We verily believed the dog thought he was helping the cook.

Rover had his own drinking-bucket, which was fitted, as ship's buckets are, with a rope handle. The place for this was in the manger, a small space forward in the bow. If Rover was thirsty he would get his bucket and carry it to the scuttle-butt, where he would stand until some one gave him water. When he had drunk enough he never failed under any circumstances to return the bucket to its place.

He knew the special bugle-call for the first cutter as well as its crew. If any other boat was called away he showed not the slightest interest; but let the bugler play the first bar of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and Rover was up instantly, bounding toward the gangway.

Here he knew that Andy's permission

was reported ready, if the officer said, "No, Rover; you can't go," he would raise his paw to his head in salute and walk forward, his tail drooping ever so little with disappointment.



"LIMBER JIM" AND HIS MATE.

But if the officer said, "All right, Rover," he saluted in just the same way, and then in two jumps was in the bow of the boat, standing as erect and still as any figurehead.

The crew wanted a really intelligent monkey, and thought many times they had secured one; but after giving each a fair trial they sent him away as unworthy of admission among our ship's exclusive pets. One morning, however, a man returned from leave, bringing two lively monkeys, but one of them died soon after coming on board. As monkeys soon throw aside all shyness, it was not long before this new pet was well installed on the ship; and



THE HASTY FLIGHT OF "KREBUS" AT THE SOUND OF THE SALUTING GUN.

was of no avail. It was on the officer of the deck that Rover kept his eye. When the boat

"Limber Jim," as we called him, devised mischief enough to satisfy the most "larky" sailor.

There was one thing, however, that the monkey could never stand with calmness, and that was the firing of a big gun; he soon understood the preparations for firing a salute or for target practice. At such times he invariably scuttled off to the same spot under the forecastle whenever the first gun was fired.

Limber Jim had a jaunty, substantial suit made for him, with the usual cap and fittings.

was a never-ending source of amusement. The many hues which this little animal is capable of assuming were practically shown us. He often took the color of an object on which he was resting; it might be a brilliant green or a sober brown—he adopted the shade at once.

In his normal state he was the most stupid, sleepy-looking thing in the world, showing no energy, but rather a supreme indifference to



THE CREW OF THE KEARSARGE, WITH THEIR PET GOAT IN THE FOREGROUND.

Erebus shared with him this fear of any explosion. One day when the captain of the hold was preparing to go ashore, the ship saluted the fort at the harbor entrance. This so alarmed Erebus that he jumped from the berth in which he had been sleeping, and in a flying leap completely overturned the sailor's gripsack and scattered its contents on the bunk floor. The cat remained in hiding until the next day.

On the coast of Africa we made several additions to the ship's menagerie. A chameleon

what was going on about him. A peculiarity of the chameleon is the power of moving the eyes independently of each other, so that, with one looking ahead, the other may be observing something over the shoulder. On this account the new pet was called "Swivel-eye."

Up the Shat-el-Arab River, lying off Busorah, whence Sindbad the Sailor set forth on his famous journeys, we had given us, as a great table delicacy, a young gazel. The little fellow was not more than two feet in height; his



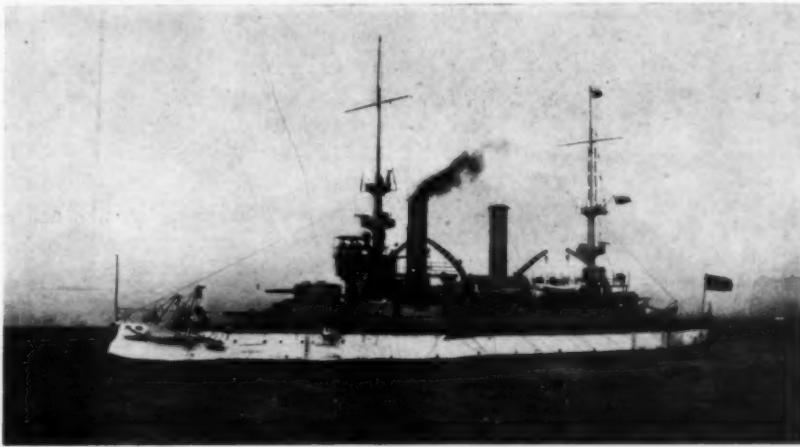
ANOTHER OF THE KEARSARGE'S PETS.

eyes were large and brown and lustrous; his little horns and hoofs were as black and shining as ebony; his fawn-colored skin was like silk; his movements were the embodiment of grace. No one had the heart to contemplate killing such a beautiful creature; so when some men came aft to beg that they might have him to care for, he was at once given to them.

"Sindbad" was a name not quite suited to him, but the sailors chose it from associations with the place. He was beloved by every one.

Sindbad gave Rocky a good race for first place in the love of the crew, and I am not sure that in the officers' quarters he did not hold it.

The sailors of the United States battle-ship *Kearsarge* have had among their pets a goat and a bear. Bruin, or "Roosevelt" as the bear was named, would sit for hours on the rail, with his fore feet on the lowest round of the shrouds, and in the shadow of the boat above him would remain an interested observer of the men on deck at their work or play.



THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP KEARSARGE.



THE NEW DOLL.

'MERICAN doll-doll, how you do?
 Goldy-haired missy-doll, I love you.
 'Merican doll-doll, what 'oo say?
 "Little Jap missy *do* love play?"
 Pretty blue round eyes shiny shine,
 Very 'Merican dolly mine!

M. M. D.

HER VERY OWN.

(A True Story.)

BY FLORENCE A. PARDEE.

ONCE upon a time, there was a little girl named Helen. She lived in the country, and about her house there were many fine trees, where the birds came every year to spend the summer. Now Helen loved to watch the birds, butterflies, and bees doing their work.

Well, one day, Mr. and Mrs. Oriole came to look at the big elm-tree. They soon decided to build a nest there, and each flew off in a different direction to find building-material.

"Oh, papa," cried Helen, who had caught the gleam of brilliant orange and black, "let's help them, so they'll stay here."

"All right, little girl," answered her father.

Helen had helped birds before by putting bits of string and worsted, and straws, on the ground and near-by bushes.

Suddenly she clapped her hands, exclaiming, "Oh, I'm going to label *this* nest, and then, after it's all built, it will be mine!"

So she carefully wrote her name on a tag of paper, putting a long piece of white string through the end of the tag. On some other tags she wrote the day and month, "May 28th." Then they were left in plain sight, and Helen scampered away.

The birds did not seem to notice the strings

at first, but later every one was gone, and from that hanging nest waved *six* little tags bearing Helen's name and the date!

When the birds had raised their families and had gone south, her father took down the nest and brought it into the house to Helen. Here is a picture of one of the orioles and the nest.



ONE OF THE ORIOLES AND THE NEST.

THE PRACTICAL BOY.

By JOSEPH H. ADAMS.

NINTH PAPER.

HIGH AND LOW TREE-HUTS.

A GROUND TREE-HUT.

FOR this a good stout tree is selected for the central support, and to it the roof-timbers are made fast. The hut can be made almost any size, but for five or six boys it can measure 10 feet across, with each of the eight sides 4 feet wide (see Fig. 1). Lay out a perfect octagon with

points, having them project, say, $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the ground; and with 2 by 3 inch timbers connect the tops of the posts and the angles with the tree, as shown in Fig. 8 on page 825, letting the top horizontal timbers project 1 inch beyond the posts.

The highest point of the slanting roof-joists may be 9 feet from the ground. Six inches up from the ground, nail a line of 1-inch boards 6 inches wide around the posts, and midway between these and the top line run another line of similar boards, but omitting one where the door will be hung (see Fig. 8).

The bottom of the hut should be floored over, and to do this embed short timbers in the ground, on which cross-timbers will rest so that the tops of them will be on a line with the top edge of lower line of timbers connecting the eight uprights. Where the middle line of timbers are attached to the uprights, each upright is cut away with saw and chisel, as shown at A in Fig. 7, so that the horizontal



FIG. 1. A GROUND TREE-HUT.

each of the angles an equal distance from the tree-trunk, and drive a stake to indicate each angle or corner. Dig a hole 2 feet deep, and embed a 2 by 4 inch joist at each of the eight

pieces will lap snugly against the wood. In joining use steel-wire nails.

The roof and sides are made of 4 or 6 inch matched boards driven together well, after

being left in the sun for a day or two to dry out thoroughly, so that they will not shrink or warp.

Use three or four simple sashes as desired, and make an ordinary batten door.

The boards forming the roof should be laid across from timber to timber, and not from the sides of the hut to the tree; and, to make a tight watershed, tar-paper is to be laid on and tacked down, and afterward painted.

Where the roof joins the tree, a collar can be made of the tar-paper and tightly bound to the trunk with stout cord, the whole to be painted with the other roof-covering.

A circular table may be built around the tree, and fixed benches or other furniture and fittings may be used at the boys' pleasure.

A square hut is easier to build than an octagonal one, and one 10 or 12 feet square would accommodate quite a club of boys. Illustration B in Fig. 7 will give an idea for a hut of this kind.

A SINGLE-TREE HUT.

IN the spreading branches of a large oak-tree a very snug roost can be made high above

the ground, as shown in Fig. 2. This single-tree hut is 25 feet above the ground, and below it is a landing from which the rope-ladder is dropped. From this landing to the deck of the hut a stiff ladder is made fast both at top and bottom, and an opening in the floor of the deck will allow room to mount up on the deck near the door to the hut. As very few trees are alike, it

would be difficult to give a plan for the floor timbers among the outspreading branches; but from the illustration shown for the twin-tree hut in Fig. 6, some idea of the construc-



FIG. 2. A SINGLE-TREE HUT.

tion can be had for a single-tree hut. The main tree-trunk will, usually, have to project up through the hut, and the location in the tree should be selected so that the outspreading branches will form a support to the lower edges of the floor frame, as may be seen in Fig. 2. A peaked, a mansard, or a flat roof can be placed on the hut, depending on the main trunk

to give it support; and if the space in the tree will permit, a deck across the front and both



FIG. 3. A LOW SINGLE-TREE HOUSE.

sides will be very pleasant to sit on or walk about. The floor timbers should be well braced to the main trunk of the tree with long and short bracket-pieces as props, and where the lower ends are attached to the trunk large spikes should be driven in well. Cleats or blocks can be nailed fast under the ends also, as they will help to support and strengthen the anchorage.

Keep fire away from the tree-huts, and do not light any matches nor burn candles; for if once a fire is started, nothing will save your hut. It is too high to reach with a bucket, and, located as it is, a perfect draft will fan a small flame into a raging fire in no time, so that it is hazardous to use fire about any tree-hut.

A LOW SINGLE-TREE HOUSE.

FOR younger boys a low tree is best. An apple or maple tree near the house often affords a good support for a low tree-hut, and if the trunk is sufficiently heavy a house similar to the one shown in Fig. 3 can easily be constructed. The size of the house will be governed

somewhat by the size of the tree, which should be large enough to bear the weight of the house without straining it, particularly when there is a storm or high wind.

The construction of the frame is shown in Fig. 9. This is but a general idea, and will not apply to every tree; for trees vary in shape and size, and the huts cannot always be built square, as this one shows. The frame should be of 2 by 3 inch spruce, and the flooring-beams can be of 2 by 4 inch spruce, or almost any short pieces that can be had. One or two windows and a door can be arranged in the hut, and tar-paper tacked on the roof will make it waterproof. Access to the hut can be had by means of a ladder made from 2 by 3 inch spruce rails with hickory rungs or with 2 by 1 inch hard-wood sticks securely nailed to the rails.

A LOW TWIN-TREE HUT.

A VERY serviceable twin-tree hut is shown below in Fig. 4.

To properly build this hut select a location between two trees from six to eight feet apart. With an ax clear off the brush and small branches for twenty feet up from the ground at the inside of the trunks where the hut is to be located. Obtain four or five pieces of spruce, hemlock,



FIG. 4. A LOW TWIN-TREE HUT.

or other timber 2 by 8 inches and 16 feet long, the length of the distance between tree-trunks, and as free from knots as possible. In the 6-foot pieces cut notches at the under

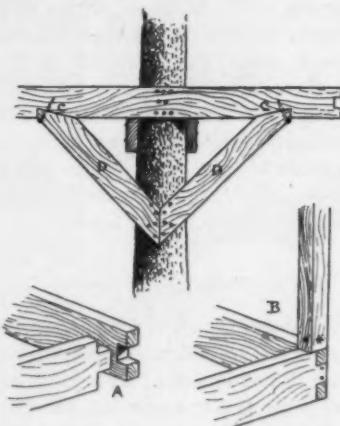


FIG. 5. DETAILS OF FRAMING OF THE BRACE.

Saw off and nail two of these pieces to the trunks of the trees 8 feet above the ground, first cutting away some of the bark and wood of the trunk to afford a flat surface for the timbers to lie against on each side.

Six-inch steel-wire nails will be required for these anchorages; and under the timbers, and

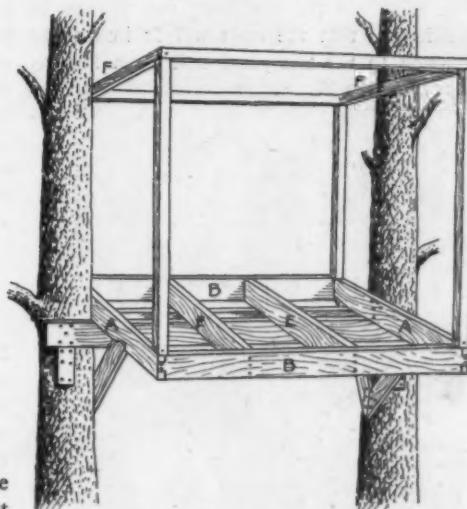


FIG. 6. DETAILS OF FRAMING OF A TWIN-TREE HOUSE.

side, as shown at CC in Fig. 5, into which the ends of bracket timbers DD will fit; and cut the ends of the timbers forming the square frame so they will dovetail, as shown at A.



FIG. 7. A SQUARE GROUND-HUT.

lying flat against the tree-trunks, bracket-blocks, 2 by 8 inches and 15 inches long, are securely spiked to lend additional support to the cross-timbers. Cut two timbers 6 feet long, and two

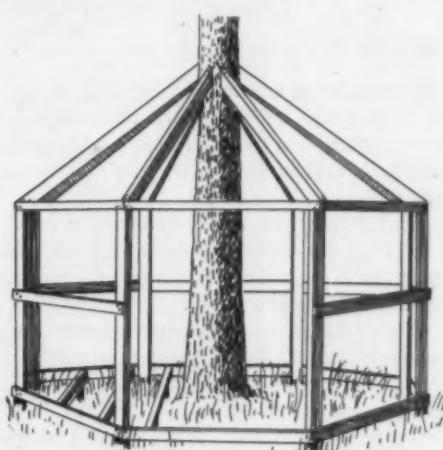


FIG. 8. FRAMING OF AN OCTAGONAL GROUND-HUT.

Spike the 6-foot timbers to the tree-trunks so that they will rest on the first two timbers that were nailed to the trees, and from the 2 by 8 inch wood cut four brackets, DD, and spike

them fast under each cross-timber so each tree will appear as shown in the upper part of Fig. 5. Place the remaining two timbers in position so that the ends will fit into those fastened to the trees, and nail them fast, as shown at B in Fig. 5.

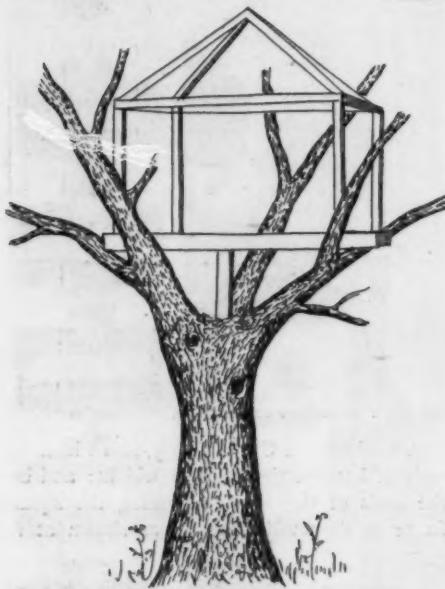


FIG. 9. DETAILS OF FRAMING OF A LOW SINGLE-TREE HOUSE.

Cut two more timbers, EE (see Fig. 6), and lay them across the supporting timbers, nailed to the tree, so that they will fit inside the front and back timbers BB, where they are to be well secured with long nails.

From 2 by 3 inch spruce construct a frame 7 feet high at the front, 6 feet at the back, and spike the side-timbers FF, forming the top, to the inside of the tree-trunks.

The bottoms of the uprights are to be mounted on the corners of the floor frame, as shown at B in Fig. 5, where four long nails will hold them securely in place.

Cut two timbers and arrange them in an upright position at the front, thirty inches apart, where the door will come; then half-way between the floor and top of the framework run a line of timbers all around, except between the door timbers, and spike them to the trees.

For the sides, floor, and roof use matched boards planed on both sides.

Over the roof a thickness or two of tarred paper is to be laid and fastened down at the edge with small metal washers and nails. Shelves, benches, and table may be built in the hut as required. Put in windows as needed.

If exclusiveness is desired, use a rope ladder or one made of light hickory poles with lashed rounds—the ladder in either case being hauled up when the owners are "at home."

A TWIN-TREE LEAN-TO.

IN Fig. 10 is shown a simple form of hut built upon the ground, relying upon two trees for strength and firmness. It is built substantially as is the low twin-tree hut, except in the matter of flooring, which may follow the plan of the house-tent shown on page 713 of the June number. This twin-tree lean-to will be found a very serviceable hut, and is very easily built and at a low cost. If rather thin saplings are chosen for the supports, the swaying in a high wind may loosen the joints in the house. If there are no stout trees, and such lighter ones have to be used, it will sometimes be found advisable to "guy" them to other trees to make them stiff. In fastening down tar-paper on the roofs, care should be taken to use the tin



FIG. 10. A TWIN-TREE LEAN-TO.

washers that come for this purpose; or, if these are not to be had, nail down over the joints ordinary lath, letting the same nail answer for both the lath and the tar-paper. If these or similar precautions are not taken, the paper will, in a high wind, pull through the nail-heads.

APRIL 19TH
1775.

1 CONCORD

2 LEXINGTON

17 YORKTOWN

19 COWPENS

3 BUNKER HILL

13 BOSTON

11 TRENTON

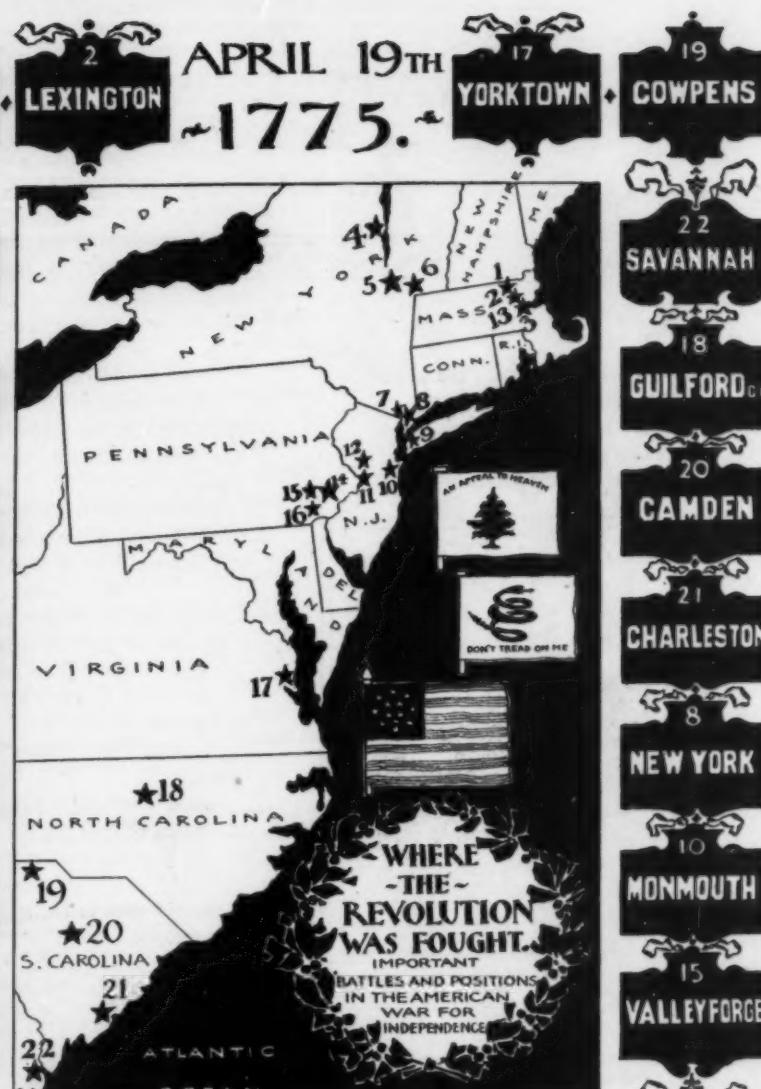
9 LONG ISLAND

7 Ft. WASHINGTON

12 PRINCETON

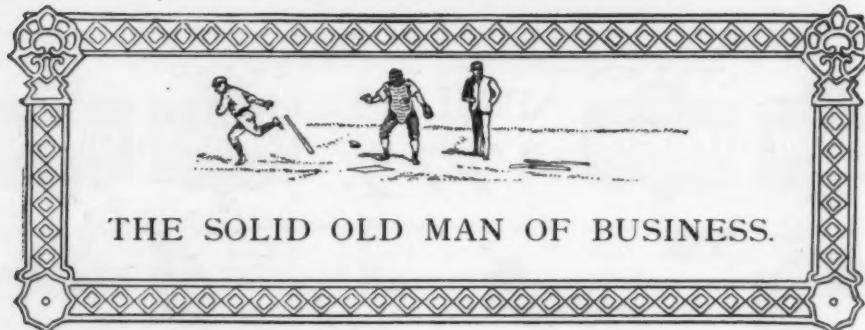
6 BENNINGTON

4 TICONDEROGA



OCT. 19TH.
1781.

16 BRANDYWINE • 14 GERMANTOWN



THE SOLID OLD MAN OF BUSINESS.

BY WALTER CAMP.

THE solid old man of business sits in his chair
in his down-town office;
And he 's prone to inquire,
Is this good old esquire,
How his boy is doing at college,



"IN HIS DOWN-TOWN OFFICE."

As he sees in the lines of his "Post" and his
"Times"
The growth of a new,
And he doubts not true,
Queer-fangled athletic knowledge.

This irate old man of business growls in his
chair in his down-town office;

And his temper grows sore,
As he ponders the more
Upon what he has read in the papers
Of the foot-ball match, and the base-ball
game,
And th' unusual stew
Kicked up by the crew,
And tennis and other capers.

Then the sage old man takes a notion to leave
his chair in his down-town office.
With a curt "Short trip!"
He packs up his grip,
And a train he takes for the college.
Then he scans his "Times" for a base-ball
date,
And he chuckles a bit
When he finds he has hit
Just the time for acquiring knowledge.

This clever old man to the ball-ground drives.
In the grand stand soon he 's sitting,
And glancing down,
With a sinister frown,
Toward the uniformed boys on the
bases.
He knows not the game, but his neighbor
does,
And insisting to tell,
The youth posts him well,
Naming over the brown young faces.

But the dark old man only frowns the more
as the game goes through eight innings,
And only one more
Remains, while the score

Brings ten innings close into vision;
 For the visiting nine goes out "one, two,
 three,"
 And also "one, two,"
 Of the side in blue,
 And the third takes up his position.

The solid old man of business gives a start as
 of recognition

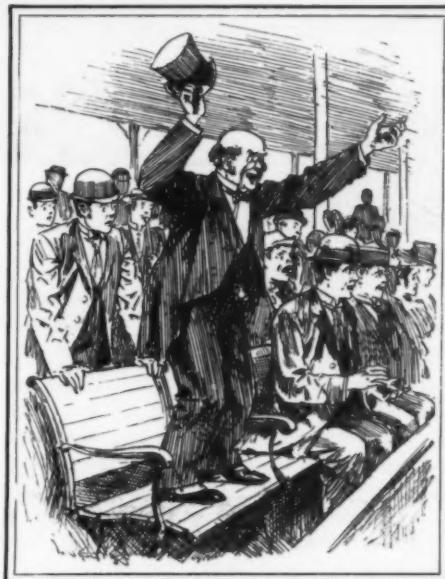
At his neighbor's cry,
 "Now hit it, Si!"

And the batsman swings all his muscle—
 What a cheer goes up as the ball shoots
 out,
 And far over the head
 Of the fielder in red
 It sails, while above all the noise and
 bustle

A wild old man of business yells as he leaps
 on his bench in the grand stand—
 "Hooray! hi! yi!"

A home run, Si!

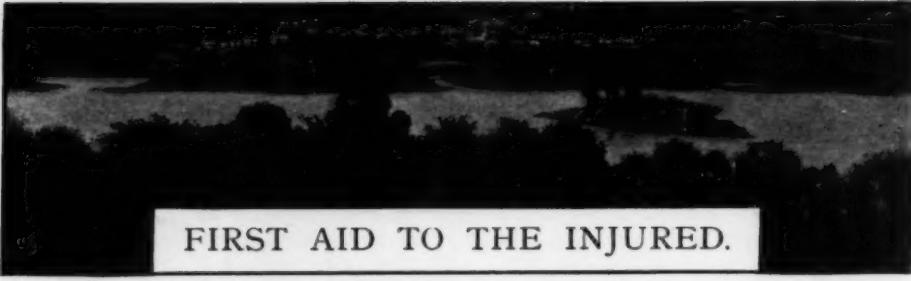
I tell you that that youngster's mine, sir!
 Silas W. Brown—I'm S. Withington
 Brown—



"HOORAY! HI! YI!"

I'll give him a dinner,
 That fine young sinner,—
 Yes, him and all of his nine, sir!"





FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

BY DR. E. E. WALKER.

III. DROWNING.

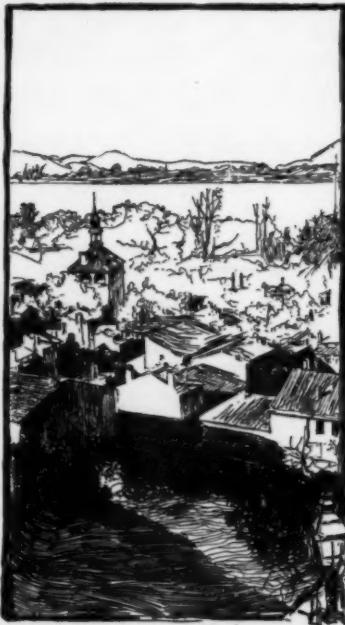
As the boys had not been on the river very many times, they begged Mr. Wilson to let them hire a skiff and take a row by themselves. They said they would take Abe, and they *knew* they would be safe. So for once their guardian was over-persuaded. The plan was to row up the river for two or three miles, as that would be the hard work, and then they could float down with very little effort. Their skiff was rather large and flat-bottomed, so there was no danger of overturning, even though they had to look out for the big waves made by the steamboats going up and down. Abe entertained them on this trip by telling them about the life on the river, and naming the different towns and villages they passed.

They rowed or almost floated down the river. It was sunset, a glorious sight on the Ohio. The river was higher than usual at this season on account of recent heavy rains, and the current ran swiftly as it neared the island. There was a dam built from the mainland on the eastern shore out to the upper end of the island, and before the boys realized the force of the water, they were being swept down upon this wall of stones. Abe, although courageous, was very excitable; and though he pulled with might and

main to turn the boat out of the current toward the other side of the island, it was fast getting beyond his control when, suddenly, one of his oars, hitting the trunk of a tree that jutted out of the water, slipped out of his hand and the boat veered sidewise in its hurried course down the stream.

"Thæthar' th ghoth, but we 're looth!" lisped Abe, his face the color of his mother's apron.

On the boat hurled until it struck the dam with such force that Abe, who was standing up in his excitement, was thrown into the water. Although he had lived by the river all his life, Abe did not know how to swim, and down he went, to the terror of John and Jerry, who were sitting quietly in the boat. Mr. Wilson, who had been watching them through his spy-glass all the way through their trip, rushed out on the bank and forded the dam just in time to rescue Abe, who was choking and gasping in the water. He dragged him out and laid him on the bank, and began to work over him, for Abe by this time had lost consciousness. The boys sat quite still in the boat, as Mr. Wilson directed; for after it once struck the dam it came to a standstill, only knocking against it as it was driven by the



A RIVER TOWN.

waves. With the help of an obliging negro from one of the shanties on the shore near by, the boat was soon dragged round to the shore and the two boys landed in safety. In the meantime Mr. Wilson had turned Abe over on his face to let the water out of his mouth. By the time the boys reached him he had turned him over on his back, and had rolled up a blanket and laid it under Abe's shoulders so that his head hung low. He loosened all the clothing around his neck, chest, and waist, and put his finger into his mouth to see that his tongue had not fallen back in his throat to stop his breathing. More quickly than it takes to tell it, Mr. Wilson then dropped on his knees behind Abe's head, seized both of his arms just above his elbows, and swept them around on the ground in an arc of a circle till they were stretched away above his head. He held them there a few seconds, pulling on them, and then swept them back again, pressing them in against the ribs. He did this slowly and regularly, just about as Abe would breathe; and in two or three minutes the boy's eyelids began to quiver, and he drew a short breath. Mr. Wilson then rubbed him thoroughly and wrapped him in warm blankets which the boys had brought down from the camp. John also made a cup of hot coffee, which Abe was soon able to drink, and then they took him to the camp. In about an hour he was ready to go home, and Mr. Wilson rowed him across to the Ohio side.

When the boys were eating supper that night, Jerry said: "Guardie, why did n't you roll Abe on that barrel that was down there on the shore? I thought that was always tried first when anybody was 'most drowned."

"Not at all. I once knew a man whose ribs were broken by being treated so roughly."

John asked: "But, guardie, why did n't you carry him up to the camp first?"

"Because he might have died before we got him there. The first thing to do, when a person is almost drowned, is to start his breathing again."

"You mean to pump air in and out of his lungs, the way you did with Abe?" said Jerry.

"Yes, that is really it; for when the arms come up the air goes into the lungs, and when the hands are swept down and pressed against the ribs it squeezes the air out."

"I think it would be jolly fun to try it when a person is n't drowned," said John.

"It would not be a bad plan for you boys to practise it on each other," said Mr. Wilson.

"And then we could rub each other with our hands, and have a cup of coffee, could n't we?"

"You might, if you did n't practise too often," said guardie.

"I wonder what Abe's mother said when she saw him with my clothes on," said Jerry. "It's lucky we were near the camp and could get some good dry ones."

"But, guardie," said John, "why is it that you are always hearing about good swimmers getting drowned?"

"It's generally because they are taken with cramp," said guardie. "You know how hard it is to come out of the water when you are down at the sea-shore; and you know how your father insists on your not staying in swimming more than ten or fifteen minutes. Well, this is largely on account of the danger from cramp; for when you stay in the water too long you are apt to get chilled; then the cramp comes on and makes the best swimmer utterly powerless."



"AMONG THOSE PRESENT"
AT A YOUNG FOLKS' COSTUME PARTY.



FROM THE DAYS OF THE DIRECTORY.



IN GRANDMA'S CAP AND GOWN.



A Bashful Bridesmaid.



A LITTLE HARLEQUIN.



THE MINUET.



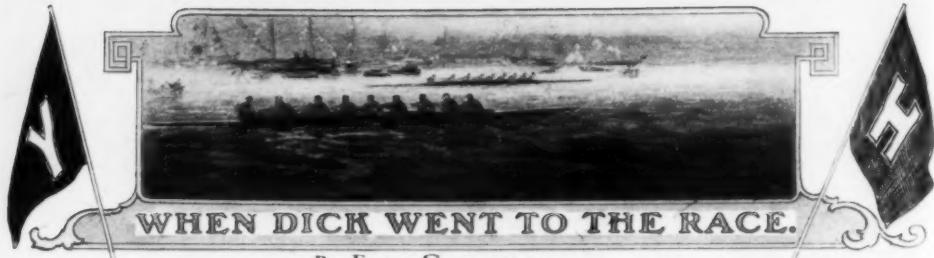
A COLONIAL DAME.



MISS WIGGS OF THE BERRY PATCH.



THE PRINCESS AND THE PAGE.



DICK tried to choke back the tears as he turned away from those hard-hearted relatives of his and looked over the brilliant flower-beds and velvety lawn to the blue Sound, where white yachts were flying by under a stiff breeze, bound for New London. He had set his heart on going to the Yale-Harvard regatta, and he was bitterly disappointed.

"Mother, we can't take that baby," Donald had said. (And oh, how it had cut—"that *baby*!") "We had all we could do to get tickets on the observation-train for our own crowd, anyway, and we could never get another anywhere near us; and, besides that, he would get all tired out in that big crowd. We could n't *think* of taking Dicky."

Isabelle, Dick's big sister, dropped a light kiss on his tear-stained cheek as she went to the carriage, and then they all drove off gaily to the Pequot, where they were going to lunch before the race.

"I'm a Yalesey," sobbed Dicky. "And I want to go to the rogatto, *please*." But the older ones were firm.

"Dick, when you are older you will have plenty of opportunities to go," said his mother. "Next year perhaps we can manage it."

"Besides, Dick," his Harvard uncle tried to comfort him, "Yale is n't going to win this year, and you would be disappointed."

But Dick refused to be comforted. Slowly and sadly he dragged one foot after the other down the garden path to the beach, where the blue summer sea rippled in tiny waves up the sands. He looked with longing eyes off toward New London, and watched the yachts dip and rise as they tacked into the harbor. Every one in the world, it seemed, was going to this particular Yale-Harvard race except Dick.

The *Kelpie*, a new St. Lawrence skiff, was lying beside the float, and Dicky climbed over the side and flung himself down in the bottom so that he could not see the steamers and launches and craft of all sorts going by to New London; but as he lay there on his back and gazed at the sky, the white clouds drifting by looked so like the white-sailed yachts below that he shut his eyes to keep from seeing them.

The *Kelpie* rocked gently on the little waves, and at last, lulled by the gentle motion and soothed by the warm sun, Dick must have fallen asleep; for, the next thing he knew, he heard shouts above him, and, opening his eyes, he sat up suddenly in the boat. All around him were big waves on which his little skiff rode like a feather. Almost over him was a great white yacht whose brass rails glittered in the sun. From masthead to deck it was strung with little fluttering blue pennants, and the men who crowded to the rails wore bachelor's-buttons in their buttonholes and carried big flags with Yale on them in letters a foot high.

"Well, young chap, you had a close call," said one of them as Dick was carried up on deck. "In another minute we would have run you down, unless you had stove us in first. What do you mean by not looking out for small craft like us?" He spoke seriously, but Dick caught a merry twinkle in his eye, and liked him at once.

"I guess I went to sleep," he explained. "I wanted to go to the rogatto to see the Yaleseys win, and they would n't take me, so I went to sleep in the boat, I guess. I don't know how I got here. I'm a Yalesey, and I wanted to see the rogatto," he wound up.

"That's the right stuff!" cried the big fellow in the white yachting-suit. "Let's give him a

three times three." And such a tremendous cheer floated over the water that the people on the near-by yachts looked over smilingly as the big *Sea Queen* swept along.

Dicky very soon felt perfectly at home with these men, some of whom knew his brother Don well; and they were delighted with the manly, well-set-up little chap, with his handsome frank face and his eyes of true Yale blue.

"We'll send word to your mother from New London," explained Richard Brent, whom Dicky looked on with awe, for some one had whispered to him that he was the captain of the foot-ball team, and Dick knew what that meant. "But I don't see but that we will have to take you to the race with us. It will be all right, old man; I'll explain to your mother and Don."

Dick's shining eyes were answer enough, for he could n't speak, as a big choke came in his throat.

"That's all right," Brent said, patting him on the shoulder, while Dick swallowed hard. "And now make yourself at home. We are going up to the Quarters for a little while, as the race won't be rowed until afternoon. I hope you don't mind."

Mind! Dick's heart was thumping up and down in his chest. He could feel it. To see the race was marvelous, but to think of going up to the Quarters, where these great men lived, was almost too much to be borne like a man.

Then they sailed into New London harbor, crowded with yachts with glittering brasswork and fluttering pennants of crimson or blue. Over the water came at intervals the long-drawn cheer of Harvard, and again the quicker cheer of Yale. Bands played on the big excursion-steamers, and as they steamed down the long avenue of anchored yachts they were greeted everywhere by vociferous Yale cheers, for their yacht was recognized, and, though Dick did not know it, they were a very important part of the show. Many eyes were turned admiringly on the handsome boy standing high in the bow waving the big blue flag, while Captain Brent of the football team held him secure with one arm around his shoulders.

It was all the most wonderful sight Dick had ever seen — the hundreds of gaily decorated yachts and launches and steamers loaded with

people, the music, the cheering, the excitement of it all. Soon they left it behind them, however, as they steamed up the broad river toward the point where the big blue flag waved gaily in the breeze. Captain Brent pointed out the cozy red-roofed Harvard Quarters on the bluff as they passed, and Dick looked rather pityingly toward the big fellows in white sweaters who were loafing about the float, for he knew they were to be beaten, of course.

Up at the Yale Quarters they were greeted with tremendous cheering, and the crew came down to the dock to welcome them. Proudly Dick stood like a figurehead at the bow, waving his huge flag; and then one of the biggest and most splendid-looking of the men came up to Brent and him, holding out his hand.

"Are n't you going to introduce me, Brent?" he asked in a grand sort of way Dick loved, and Brent said:

"Dick, I want to introduce you to Captain Goodwin of the Yale crew." Dick shook hands shyly. This was the greatest moment of his life. With big, shining eyes he stood there with Brent's arm round him, while the two greatest men in college discussed him.

"You see he is the true Yale stuff," announced Brent. "He was bound to see us win, and he just came willy-nilly. He is the kind we want. Let's see, Dicky, boy, what's your class?" he asked.

Dick blushed. "1920," he said promptly. He and Don had worked it out.

The men roared. Then, seeing the serious look in Dick's eyes, they straightened their faces.

"That will be a fine class, I'm sure," said Goodwin. "Now, my boy, I want you to meet my men"; and so Dick, striding along between the two big seniors, went over to the group of crew-men and was solemnly introduced to each in turn.

"He is booked for 1920," explained Goodwin. "And some day he is coming up here to Gales Ferry to pull a good oar for old Yale."

"In the meantime he is going to be our mascot," cried the stroke-oar. "Here!" He picked up a blue sweater with a big white Y on it, and pulled it over Dick's head. It came down to his feet, but they rolled it up and turned back

the sleeves. Then on his fair head they placed a blue cap with the crossed oars of the Varsity crew, and then Goodwin swung him to his shoulder, Dick still grasping his big Yale flag.



"HE LIFTED DICK TO HIS SHOULDERS."

"Now cheer for 1920 and Dick Ordway," he cried, and the cheers that came from many throats nearly deafened Dicky.

"Bring us good luck," they cried after him,

as Brent carried him back to the yacht. "It depends on you now, Dicky, to bring us good luck in the race."

The rest of that afternoon was like some bewildering dream. They steamed down the beautiful river, passed the gay yachts again, and dropped anchor near the finish. There was a jolly lunch served on deck, with Dick at the head of the table in his big Yale sweater; and then, toward late afternoon, the excitement grew intense. The guns were fired more often, the cheering was continuous, and the bands played "Fair Harvard" and "Here's to Good

Old Yale" louder, trying to drown each other out; and all the time the sun was dropping lower, until it hung just above the hills across the river.

Dicky, on the bridge of the yacht with Captain Brent and some of the others, peered through the huge binoculars up the river, just as he saw the other fellows do. When the gaily decorated observation-trains wound up each shore toward the starting-point, Dick wondered proudly what Don and Isabelle would think if they could see him now. Then the noise became deafening; the cheering burst out again and again; the bands played louder.

"They've started!" Brent said in a low, tense sort of way, and Dick felt the arm about him tremble a little.

Nearer and nearer came the two specks down the long path of water between the yachts, the oars of the crimson and the blue flashing rhythmically as they came. Suddenly Brent dropped his marine glasses. "Harvard's ahead!" he groaned. "Come, get together, boys, and cheer as you never cheered before. Keep it up even if you are dumb forever after. We've got to win!"

He lifted Dick to his shoulders. "Bring us good luck, Dicky," he pleaded.

"Oh, yes, we're going to win," Dicky announced confidently.

Nearer and nearer they swept, those two white bird-like shells, Harvard plainly in advance by a good boat's length. But not for an instant did the men on the *Sea Queen* show to others any discouragement. Clear and strong rang out the Yale cheer over and over again, and above the

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deep "Rah, rahs!" came a high, piercing, sweet child's voice. It was Dicky, cheering for his future Alma Mater.

Whether they took heart from the steady cheering of their men, or whether the Harvard men had rowed themselves out—at any rate, the Yale shell forged ahead suddenly, and when they were opposite the *Sea Queen* the two boats were "neck and neck."

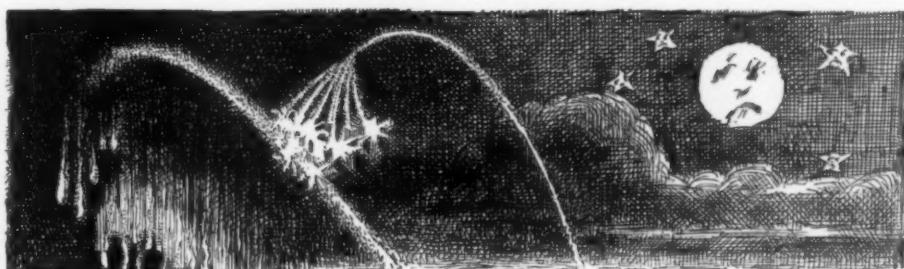
Dick almost jumped out of Brent's arms. "Go it, go it, go it!" he shrieked high above the deep roar of the cheering; and, as though in answer to their little mascot, the Yale crew, in one mighty spurt, shot ahead and crossed the line, a winner by only a few feet.

And then bedlam reigned. Every one went wild, and amid a deafening roar of booming cannon and bands and cheering spectators the Yale crew went aboard their launch and

steamed up the river. As they passed the *Sea Queen* they slowed down and waved their hands.

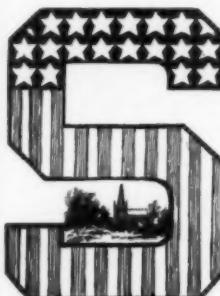
"You are a good mascot, Dicky," Goodwin shouted. "You helped us win." And then, tired as they were with their long pull, the crew gave a last cheer with Dick's name on the end.

Then it was all over, and the *Sea Queen* sailed out into the harbor toward the open Sound, while a fairy sea of green and rose spread out around her in the sunset glow, and the spires and chimneys of New London were silhouetted black against the fading crimson of the sky. Out toward the Sound it was all pale and misty and mysterious, but behind her the yachts were glittering with lights like jewels, as one by one they glided through the great drawbridge and made for the open Sound, and took their mascot to his home. And so everybody was glad that Dicky went to the race.



HOW THEY CELEBRATED.

BY EDWIN L. SABIN.



AID the belfry: "Clang! Clang!"

Said the crackers: "Rap! Rap!"

Said the brass cannon: "Whang!"

Said the torpedoes: "Snap!"

Said the sky-rockets: "Whizz!"

Said the candles: "Sh! Piff!"

Said the small pin-wheels: "Fizz!"

Said the big ones: "Whir! Wiff!"

Said grandma: "There, there!"

Said father: "Boys! Boys!"

Said mother: "Take care!"

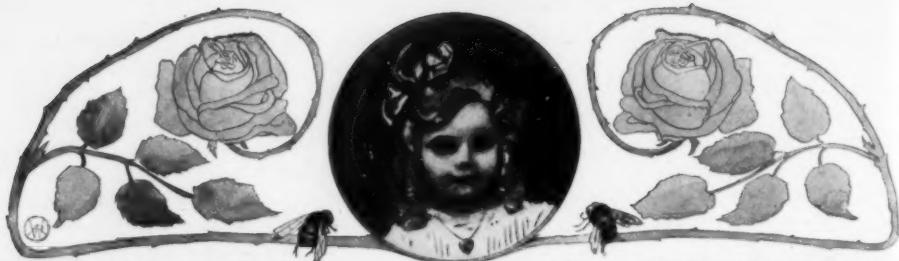
Said cook: "Such a noise!"

Said Puss: "Gracious me!"

Said Towser: "Bow-wow!"

Said Susie: "Wee-ee!"

Said Will: "Hurrah! Ow!"



THE CHUCKIE WUCKIE STORIES:

BY ISABEL GORDON CURTIS.

THE first thing everybody says when meeting Chuckie Wuckie is, "Why, what a funny name! Who gave it to you?"

And Chuckie Wuckie always answers, "My papa found it for me."

"Why did he give it to you?" they ask.

"Because he says I look just like a Chuckie Wuckie."

"But what is a Chuckie Wuckie?" everybody persists in asking.

"I don't know," Chuckie Wuckie answers gravely. "My papa says there is n't any other Chuckie Wuckie in the world—that he knows of, at least."

When "old peoples"—that is what Chuckie Wuckie calls her mama and papa—when "old peoples" let their memories go back to the days when they were "very little peoples," they always remember that it was the "really, truly stories" they loved best. Fairy-tales were beautiful and giant-stories were exciting, but it was the stories mother and father told of little boys and girls they had once known, and of little cats and big dogs they had loved, which were the very best of all. For this reason, I want to tell you, before you read any of the Chuckie Wuckie stories, that Chuckie Wuckie herself is real, and her papa and mama are real, and everything I have written about her is true.

THE "I LOVE YOU" STORY.

ONE summer it grew very, very hot, and the doctor advised Chuckie Wuckie's mama to take

her up in the mountains where the air was cool. Papa could not go with them, because he had work to do at his office, so mama and Chuckie Wuckie prepared to go alone.

"Dear, dear!" said Chuckie Wuckie one afternoon, while she sat watching her mama pack the trunks—"dear, dear! Poor papa will be so lonesome!"

"Yes, we do wish he could go with us. We



"CHUCKIE WUCKIE WENT AWAY TO HER OWN LITTLE DESK IN HER OWN LITTLE ROOM."

would all enjoy our holiday so much better," said mama.

"He won't forget we love him just as much,

will he, if he thinks we are having a good time where we are and he is working down in the dusty old city, all alone, where it is hot?"



"INSIDE EACH SLIPPER WAS ANOTHER LITTLE 'I LOVE YOU.'"

"No, indeed," said mama; "he won't ever forget we love him. We will write a long letter every day and tell him everything we do."

Mama went on folding little frocks and petticoats, rolling stockings into little balls, and tucking wads of tissue-paper about little hats. Chuckie Wuckie sat very quiet for a long time; then she said, "Mama, will you please show me how to print, 'I love you'?" You know I can make all the letters nicely, only I don't know how to put them together into any words, except 'dog' and 'cat' and my name."

Mama laughed. "Of course I will, dear," she said. "It is a very easy little sentence, and you can write it without any trouble."

Chuckie Wuckie brought a pencil and paper; then mama sat down beside her and printed "I love you" in beautiful, clear, big letters.

"Now, suppose I print it in French. Here it is: 'Je t'aime,' just as Georgie would say it."

"Georgie would n't say it, though, mama, because you know we have n't been friends since he poked my doll Jessie's eyes out."

"I had forgotten that," said mama.

Chuckie Wuckie went away to her own little desk in her own little room. For two hours, while mama was packing and arranging things round the house, the little girl sat cutting out bits of paper and writing on them. Mama was glad to have her busy, because she had so much to do.

Next morning they went away on an early train to the mountains, and with the last hug and kiss which Chuckie Wuckie gave to her papa, she whispered, "You won't forget how much I love you?"

"Papa can never forget that," said her father, with a big laugh and a tight squeeze.

Then the choo-choo cars came along with their great noise, and papa was left on the platform waving to a little girl who was throwing kisses at him from the window of a car. On Monday morning Chuckie Wuckie received her first letter from papa. Here is what it said:

AT HOME, July 15.

MY DARLING CHUCKIE WUCKIE: I have been very busy since you went away; but I must tell you what happened after you had gone. When I came home Tuesday night, I found under my ink-bottle on the library table a little slip of paper, and printed on it in great, big letters was, "I love you." Tucked into my pen-wiper was another little "Je t'aime." Inside each slipper I found a little "I love you." Tucked under my blotter was another "I love you." I had to open the telephone-book, and a little "I love you" fell out of it. There was a dear little "Je t'aime" in all my dressing-gown pockets; "I love you" curled about the handle of my tooth-brush, and another was in my match-box. When I went to bed I found "Je t'aime" and "I love you" all over my room—in the bed, under the pillows, everywhere! Why, there was a "Je t'aime" among my collars, and "I love you" through my neckties! It rained the next morning, and a tiny "Je t'aime" fell out of my umbrella. There were bits of paper which said, "I love you," in my rubbers. I'll keep finding "I love you" in some new spot every day till you come home, and every one of them printed by your own dear little hand. What a clever little thought it was to make a poor, lonesome old papa feel happier! No other little five-year-old girl but my Chuckie Wuckie would have thought of it. Now, I must say good-by, with a great, big "I LOVE YOU"

From PAPA.



Nature and Science

for Young Folks

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.



Puffballs.

"GOING THROUGH THE WOODS IN SUMMER."

Polyporus sulphureus.

THE FUNNY FUNGUS FAMILY.

GOING through the woods in summer, we often find beautiful bits of a low form of plant growth called Fungi, branching like brackets from the trees, covering old stumps, or poking their dainty heads through the dead leaves at our feet. Many more may be found, by careful searching, hiding themselves behind the grasses and leaves. We exclaim with delight at their exquisite forms and colors. We can admire—but beware! Don't eat. There, perhaps right in your path, is that innocent-looking Death's-cup, the deadly *Amanita*, most poisonous of all the mushrooms. So easily are the poisonous ones mistaken for harmless kinds, it is a safe rule for young folks never to eat of specimens, but just

study them and admire their beautiful colors and forms. A swelling of the stem at the base, hidden partly or often wholly underground, is always a dangerous sign.



"WE CAN ADMIRE—BUT
BEWARE! DON'T EAT."
(*Amanita phalloides*.)

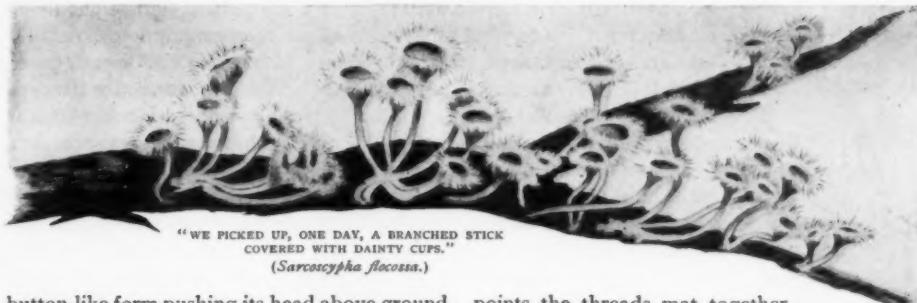
The first we see

Strange to say, the Death's-cup closely resembles the one most eaten of all the meadow mushrooms,—our common table mushroom,—which, however, is cultivated, the supply for the markets being not usually obtained from those found growing wild. The growth of a mushroom is interesting. A good one to study is the common table mushroom, as it has characteristics common to all the Fungus Family.



THE GROWTH OF OUR COMMON TABLE MUSHROOM.

(*Agaricus campestris*.)



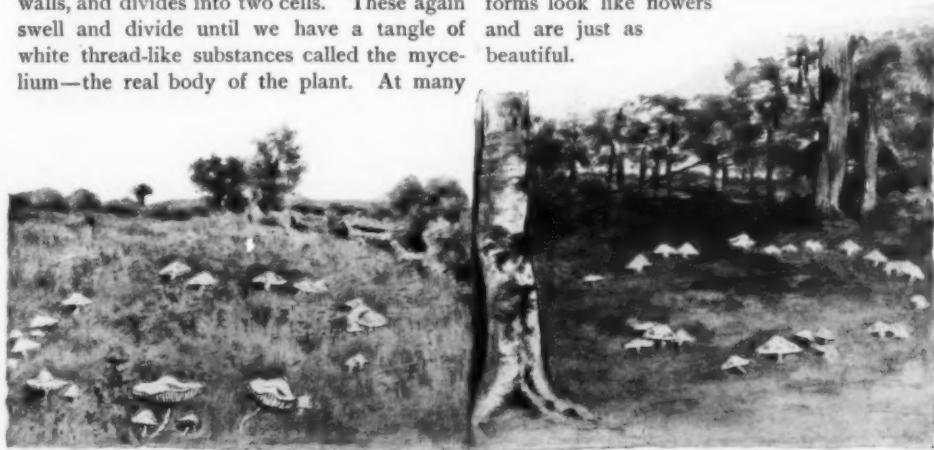
"WE PICKED UP, ONE DAY, A BRANCHED STICK
COVERED WITH DAINTY CUPS."
(*Sarcoscypha flocosa*.)

button-like form pushing its head above ground. This, as it grows taller, swells and expands at the top into a bulb-shaped body; and soon, on the under side, we see a break in the skin or veil. The top keeps swelling and the skin splitting till we have the gills in sight, stretching from outer edge of cap to top of stem. Their entire surfaces are covered with minute club-like protuberances which hold and scatter the tiny dust-like particles or spores, just as flowering plants do their seeds. This is the mission of our mushrooms, for what we see above ground is only the fruiting body—the real body of the plant lies underground. Let us follow one of those minute spores down in the rich, moist earth. It swells, absorbs food through its walls, and divides into two cells. These again swell and divide until we have a tangle of white thread-like substances called the mycelium—the real body of the plant. At many

points the threads mat together, forming tiny knobs which increase in size and push upward until they break the soil and look out upon our world, where they soon become the familiar parasol-shaped mushroom. How strikingly different are fungi from other plants! They have no green leaf, and none of that wonderful green coloring-matter, chlorophyl, which takes carbon from the air and hydrogen gas and oxygen gas from water and forms them into food for the plant, so making it an independent being. As the Fungi lack this, they must get the food already made by some other plant or animal. That is the reason we find them attached to trees, logs, anything that will furnish them with the desired food. Many forms look like flowers and are just as beautiful.



"THAT BROWN-LOOKING
CORNUCOPIA."
(*Craterellus cornucopioides*.)



"IN THE FIELDS OR ON THE EDGE OF THE WOODS, THAT CIRCLE CALLED THE FAIRY KING."
(*Marasmius oreades*.)

We picked up, one day, a branched stick covered with dainty cups, bright red inside, on their tall, curving stems; and I certainly think it ought to be called the Flower Fungus instead of that long Latin name which no one can remember. When we see that brown-looking cornucopia coming out of the ground, it seems as if some of the Christmas candles ought to be inside. Probably we have all seen, in the fields or on the edge of

the woods, that circle called the Fairy Ring. Before fairy folk came to be doubted, it was firmly believed these rings were the dancing-ground of the fairies. In the moonlight the sprites danced, wearing down the grass under their feet—at least so our grandfathers said, but we must take science's simple explanation of it. A fungus plant will soon exhaust all the fungus food from the soil beneath it, so that only the spores which fall outside this barren spot will take root and flourish. So the ring is always widening outward, forming a perfect circle unless something interferes with it. The rings are abundant in wet weather, of a buff color or reddish. In the



A FAIR-WEATHER TRAVELER.
(*Geaster hygrometricus*.)

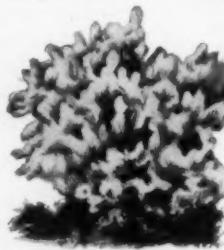
vast family of Fungi, about thirty-eight thousand kinds of which are known to botanists, there are many queer varieties, as the Shaggy-man or Horsetail mushroom. These are such rapid growers you can hardly believe your eyes in the morning to see a whole patch of them where there were none the night before. Their coloring is gorgeous, the gills being a deep salmon-pink and the spores black; the latter, when mature, dissolve into a

black fluid which drips from the cap. This fluid was used for writing-ink when people made their own. Another peculiar fungus is the delicious Morel; and you will have no trouble in knowing it, so different is it from any other, with its dark-brown pits covering the entire outer surface. A beautiful white form is the Trembling Fungus, which, if you touch it, will shake like a bowlful of jelly. It is very soft and grows close to the ground. Perhaps the handsomest of all is the Coral Fungus. Its name describes it well in color, shape, and growth. Found all over the world is the Earth-star, beautiful in its oddity. You can tell what the weather will be by it, for it is nature's barometer. When you see it spread its star-like covering on the earth,

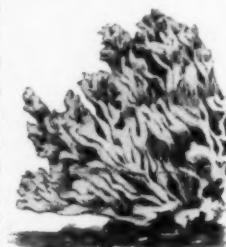
then prepare for rain and cloudy weather; but



"THE DELICIOUS MOREL."
(*Morchella crassipes*.)



"IF YOU TOUCH IT, WILL SHAKE
LIKE A BOWLFUL OF JELLY."
(*Tremella fuciformis*.)



THE CORAL FUNGUS.
(*Clavaria formosa*.)



BIRD'S-NEST FUNGUS.
(*Cyanthes vermicularis*.)

when it closes its petals up around its puffy body, fair, dry weather is at hand. Then it delights in being rolled about by the wind in all directions, scattering its spores as it goes, but always resting at night or in damp weather. A fair-weather traveler, indeed! We often come across that cunning little one, the Bird's-nest Fungus, each nest containing four or five eggs that lack only a fungus bird to sit on them. All have heard the saying, "A mushroom growth"; and, indeed, many of these plants have lives of but a day or so. Others there are which add, year by year, a rim to their cup or bracket; and some have been known to reach the age of eighty years. Our admiration and

HOW SWALLOWS DRINK.

Of course we know that swallows drink as they skim over the surface of water. We have seen how here and there the water ripples on a pond when swallows are gracefully skimming to and fro. One day I sat down beside a small pond where, every evening, many barn-swallows came to bathe and drink on the surface of the glassy water. With sketch-book and pencil in hand, I closely watched the birds; and you may imagine my delight to see just how they managed to touch and dip up the water as they came within a few steps of me. Here is a drawing from the sketch I made. You see,



"MANY BARN-SWALLOWS CAME TO BATHE AND DRINK ON THE SURFACE OF THE GLASSY WATER."

interest grow with the study of these little plants. All of us like to know the principal birds, trees, etc., we see on our walks, and why not learn to know the Fungi? In winter as well as summer they await us in woods and fields. We certainly should feel grateful to them when we think how they absorb and purify so much of the poisonous matter in the earth and air, making our world a much healthier place for us to live in; hiding often in the darkest of corners, which they brighten and beautify with their lovely colors. They never cease their good work.

JEAN FERGUSON.

the swallow takes up water in its lower bill, just as you would dip up a little water in a spoon or in the hollow of your hand while you glided over the surface in a boat. Only the under half of the open bill touches the water; if the upper half were also to touch, the water would be forced out on either side instead of being scooped up *into* the bill.

The young swallows, I noticed, were less skilful than their parents, who, of course, had practised this way of refreshing themselves for a year or more. Such things teach us to study nature as closely as possible.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

DO THEY WALK, TROT, PACE, OR GALLOP?

HERE is a problem for people with sharp eyes! As we all know, a horse when walking or trotting advances only one leg of each pair at a time, but when galloping lifts both fore feet together and then both hind feet. Now the question is how other animals manage this matter. The birds, of course, flap both wings together, but which birds run and which hop? We human beings "trot" when we walk, and "gallop" when we swim—that is, if we are using the plain breast stroke. The dog, however, "trots" for both. Now, do the amphibious animals—the seals, otters, and the rest—swim like men or like other four-footed creatures?

Then there are the fish. One would rather expect that, as they move their tails from side to side, they would flap alternately with the fins, which are their hands and feet. Who can tell whether they do or not, and whether all fish at all times follow one rule? By the way, how does a frog use its "hands"?

The great anatomist, E. Ray Lankester, has lately pointed out that while the "thousand-legs," such as our common gally-worm, advance two feet of a pair together, the centipedes, which are much like them, do exactly the opposite; and the swimming worms also alternate the stroke of each pair of paddles. I doubt if many people can tell on which system the caterpillar manages its dozen or so legs, or whether the adult insect walks, trots, paces, or gallops on its six. How does the spider use eight?

Altogether this is a large field for observation, a field, too, where any one may discover new facts as yet unrecorded, and thus add to the store of knowledge.

E. T. BREWSTER.

THE GRASSHOPPER GALLOPS
(UPPER FIGURE) AND WALKS
(LOWER FIGURE).



WHITE STRAWBERRIES.

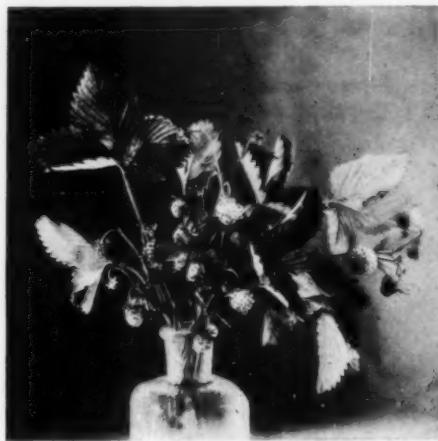
WHERE is the boy or girl who does not like to go strawberrying? I know of a place where they are plentiful. Follow the lane where the cows go to pasture and climb the old stone wall that hides an upland daisy-field. Here, where the grass is thin, you will find patches of the luscious fruit. Pick all you want, then string them like beads on a long grass stem and carry them home to eat in bread and milk. When the men come to mow, if you follow the machine you can gather great bunches of the fruit-clusters.

Later there are the wood-strawberries, those shiny pointed berries with their straw-colored seeds scattered over their surfaces instead of being set in deep pockets like the meadow-berries. The hulls always cling to the stem when we gather the fruit, leaving nice little holes in the berries for sugar and cream, if we can find enough to fill a saucer. But the mother partridge has been ahead of us. Almost before the sun was up, she brought her brood along the shady wood road to feast on the luscious fruit.

In my locality among the Berkshires, we have still another kind of wild strawberry, a white one of delicious flavor. Each year, late in June, I visit the queer white garden which produces such odd fruit. It is situated above the brook on a dry, rocky knoll under a tangle of blackberry-brier and sumac. There are

perhaps two dozen plants, and, strange to say, they never seem to increase in numbers. To an ordinary observer they resemble the wood-strawberry plants. However, the flower is more beautiful, the margin of each petal being finely toothed, instead of entire as is the case with field and wood-strawberry blossoms.

There is nothing unusual about the fruit until it begins to ripen, when, instead of turning red, it becomes a light straw-color, and



WHITE STRAWBERRIES.

(Photographed from specimens sent by Miss Knowles.)

when fully ripe possesses a delicious flavor, which somewhat resembles that of the pine-apple.

I have transplanted a few of these queer plants in a waste corner of the garden where the soil is rich, and they have increased ten-fold. Last year the writer enjoyed a tea-saucer of white strawberries.

At first the plants seemed a freak of nature, but later I discovered another patch of the same kind of white berries in an open glade in

the woods half a mile away; and since then a member of the family distinctly recalls having picked white strawberries on the way to the district school over forty years ago. That locality is ten miles distant, as the bee flies, from the other two places, but the soil and spot are similar.

If this is a new species, no other botanist, to my knowledge, except a chance bird, has known of its virtues. Perhaps this is a remnant of some ancient race of strawberry-plants, and in the long struggle for existence the strawberry learned that red fruit would more surely attract the birds and thus scatter its seeds far and wide over the face of the earth!

W. C. KNOWLES.

White strawberries are fairly common in western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio, but, so far as I can ascertain, the above is the first report of finding the plant as far east as the Berkshires. Botanists propose the name *Fragaria albocarpa* (Britt.) Rydb.

CRUSHING AN INSECT.

HERE is a remarkable photograph from life of an entire chipping-sparrow family in a characteristic occupation. The parent birds are crushing an insect in their bills so that it may be swallowed easily by the young birds. It is quite evident from the photograph that two of the young birds are impatient of the delay in getting the insect crushed.



CHIPPING-SPARROW FAMILY AT BREAKFAST.

(Photograph by C. A. Reed. Copyrighted.)

9 "BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW"
?????????????

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York.

WHY SOME WATER HAS AN UNPLEASANT TASTE.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should very much like to know why water that has been in an open bottle in an ice-box that contains vegetables tastes of them.

If the vegetable is at some distance from the water, I don't see how the taste can get into the water. I hope you can tell me. Yours very truly,

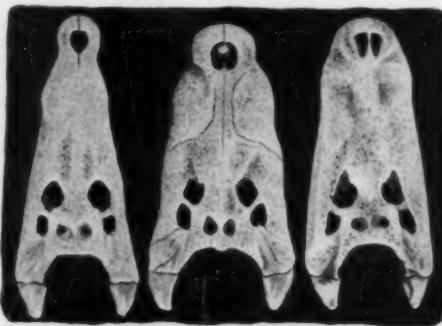
IRVING CAIRNS, Jr.

Water seems to be willing to absorb almost any kind of an odor or vapor, especially when the vessel and the vapor are inclosed in a tight box like an ice-chest. Butter has the same peculiarity. I drink water that has been boiled to kill the microbes and any other germs; and, according to my experience, when the open pitcher is kept in the ice-box, I can pretty accurately tell by the taste what else is there, especially if it have a decided odor, like boiled turnips, muskmelons, or boiled cabbage. I know a woman who painted her ice-box, and then stored her week's butter in it. I have been told that a pig will usually eat anything, but no sane or self-respecting pig would have touched that butter. It is said that a pail of water will remove the odor of a freshly painted room, if placed in it with the doors and windows closed. I cannot vouch for the correctness of this, but I know that the water would soon taste almost as much like paint as the paint itself. If the ice-box could be well ventilated by a steady draft of fresh air, the water would not be able to capture so much of the passing odors.

CROCODILES AND ALLIGATORS.

SOMERSWORTH, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me the



SHOWING DIFFERENCE IN FORMS OF HEAD-BONES.

Florida

Indian

Mississippi

crocodile.

crocodile.

alligator.

difference between a crocodile and an alligator, and their habits?

Yours very respectfully,

PHILIP N. HORNE.

"The difference between a crocodile and an alligator" (a question that has been asked a countless number of times) consists chiefly in the shape of the head, and the manner in which the teeth are placed in the lower jaw. The typical crocodile has a narrow, triangular



A FLORIDA CROCODILE.

(Copyright, 1904, by W. T. Hornaday.)

head terminating in a rounded point. The head of an alligator is broad, with almost parallel sides, and at the end it is broadly rounded off. The canine tooth in the lower jaw of a crocodile fits on the outside of the upper jaw, in a notch close behind the nostrils; whereas in the alligator the same tooth fits into a pit in

It is probable that your elm-tree has been injured in some way; perhaps a branch has been broken off by the wind and the spores of some fungus growths have gained access at the point injured. The large growth is probably one of the so-called "woody fungi" or "bracket fungi," but which one we could tell



A MISSISSIPPI ALLIGATOR.
(Length 12 feet 5 inches. Copyright, 1904, by W. T. Hornaday.)

the upper jaw, just inside the line of the upper teeth.

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY,
in "The American Natural History."

The accompanying illustrations are from this book, and have been kindly lent by the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

AN ENEMY OF THE ELM-TREE.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In our front yard is a beautiful elm-tree forty-five or fifty years old. Last summer a large growth appeared about ten feet from the ground, and the bark is all peeling off the trunk of the tree. Where the bark has peeled are brick-red spots which, under the magnifying-glass, look like clumps of eggs. The wood of the tree seems dead and soft.

Will you please give me an explanation of the growth and the spots? Do you think the tree is dying?

Your interested reader,

KATHARINE MARBLE SHERWOOD (age 13).

only after having seen it. The red, egg-like dots are probably the fruiting stage of another fungus, a *Nectria*. *Nectria* may destroy a living tree and then be called a parasite, or it may develop on dead or dying wood and then be classed as a saprophyte. Your tree may live, even diseased as it is, for a number of years.

CAN INSECTS REALLY SEE?

WEST HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:
Can you tell me why hornets will not sting you when you are perfectly still?

Yours truly,
LEX NASON.

Hornets and bees are not so apt to sting a person if he keeps absolutely still, but this is not necessarily due to the fact that they do not see readily, but simply that they do not recognize an enemy in a perfectly stationary body. The accumulated intelligence of generations has shown them that still objects, like posts, stones, or trees, are not enemies, and that disturbance of their nests is always occasioned by objects having power of motion. It thus follows that if a hornets' nest be disturbed or if a wild bees' nest be agitated, danger of stinging is much less if the person keeps perfectly still.

But it is best not to depend too much on that, for the hornets may be guided by smell. Professor A. S. Packard says:

It is now supposed that no insects, except dragonflies and perhaps some butterflies, can perceive objects at a greater distance than about six feet.



"A FOURTH-OF-JULY STUDY OF HANDS." BY ROBERT E. JONES, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY STANISLAUS F. MCNEILL, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

DAYS OF SUMMER ONCE MORE.

So now we have July again, bringing the season of vacation, with camping, and picnics, and fishing, and all the other good things of summer-time. This is the sixth summer of the League, and a good many of our boys and girls who went camping and picnicking and fishing with us that first summer of our beginning have become big and grown up, and have flown away like birds from the nest. And, like other birds, we think they went rather unwillingly; for there have been many good times and pleasant summers in the League nest; and when the last one comes and it is time to fly, there are some who, exactly like birds, have to be pushed out of the nest to try their wings alone. Happy are they who began with the League very young, at eight or nine, and are still young, with four or five more League summers ahead. There is so much they can do, and they have the best years still before them. Many of them have done much already, and so made a rare beginning of the work which lies be-

THE BROOK.

BY GRACE LESLIE JOHNSTON, AGE 12. (*Cash Prize.*)

RUSHING down the mountain, tumbling through the vale,
Sprinkling all the land about with spray,
Sliding under boulders which dot the hill and dale,
A little mountain brooklet pushed its way.

It helped to turn the mill-wheel of the mill upon the bank,
It made some pools where children love to be,
It helped the merry fisher as his hook and line he sank,
And it whispered as it ran into the sea:

"I'm glad I helped the miller, and made the children dance,
And I'm glad I made the fisher merry be;
I'm glad I did a bit of work when once I had the chance,
And now I'm glad I've made a larger sea."



"MY ANIMAL FRIEND." BY WARREN ORDWAY, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

fore. With summer-time and vacation comes opportunity to see and to set down in words and picture, just as we and those who have left us have done during the summers of the past—just as we and those who follow us will do in the summers still to come. We will have, this year, subjects suited to the season; and, with by far the largest membership we have ever known, we will try to make this the happiest and most profitable summer we have ever had.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 67.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, Grace Leslie Johnston (age 12), 174 West End Ave., New York City.

Gold badge, Stella Benson (age 13), 39 Norfolk Sq., Hyde Park, London, W., England.

Silver badges, Dorothy Mercer (age 13), 180 W.

88th St., New York City; **Margaret P. Talbot** (age 11), Canton Ave., Milton, Mass.; and **Claire Lawall** (age 10), 76 W. South St., Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Prose. Gold badges, **Rebecca Edith Hilles** (age 13), Stanford University, Palo Alto, Cal., and **Margaret Davidson** (age 13), 1519 Third Ave., New Brighton, Pa.

Silver badges, **Frances C. Jeffery** (age 13), Tank Home, Oberlin, Ohio, and **Philip Warren Thayer** (age 11), 35 Wilbraham Ave., Springfield, Mass.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Stanislaus F. McNeill** (age 14), 605 Jessie St., San Francisco, Cal., and **Helen Mertzanoff** (age 13), address illegible—please send.

Silver badges, **Hilda Bronson** (age 12), 2310 Arlington Ave., Morgan Park, Ill.; **Enid E. Jones** (age 16), 53 Belgrave Rd., London, S. W., England; and **Priscilla A. Williams** (age 7), 39 Devon Rd., Newton Centre, Mass.

Photography. Gold badges, **Warren Ordway** (age 16), 11 Gibbs St., Newton Centre, Mass., and **Fred Loomis Mohler** (age 11), 127 S. College St., Carlisle, Pa.

Silver badges, **Margaret Andrews** (age 10), 30 Avenue Henri Martin, Paris, France; **Adelia Johnson** (age 12), 620 N. Cascade Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.; and **Fanny J. Walton** (age 15), Langhorne, Pa.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Squirrel," by **Margaret A. Dole** (age 14), 91 Glen Rd., Jamaica Plain, Mass. Second prize, "Wild Ducks," by **Claire Curran** (age 15), Hotel Touraine, Brooklyn, N. Y. No third award.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Clara Beth Haven** (age 15), 162 Main St., Watertown, N. Y., and **Angus Bandel** (age 17), 1123 Bolton St., Baltimore, Md.

Silver badges, **William Shipman Maulsby** (age 14), 80 Curtis St., W. Somerville, Mass., and **David Fishel** (age 13), 34 East 76th St., N. Y. City.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Bessie Garrison** (age 15), care of H. Perkins, Nacogdoches, Tex., and **Emma D. Miller** (age 14), 1952 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver badges, **Florence G. Mackey** (age 12), 1204 Columbus Ave., Sandusky, Ohio, and **Louis Stix Weiss** (age 11), Depot Lane, Ft. Washington, N. Y. City.

THE BROOK.

BY STELLA BENSON (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

THE little brook went winding down the hill,
Ran rippling down the hill,
The frowning, gloomy hill,
When all the world was dark and gray and still,
Preparing for the tempest that was nigh;
But still the brook went rippling, dancing by,
Laughing, all heedless of the stormy sky.

Unceasing ran the brook—a silver thread,
A narrow, winding thread,
A dancing, shining thread,
A little spark of life amongst the dead;
And when the sunbeams drove away the rain,
Still happier was the brooklet's merry strain
Because the world was gay and bright again.

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A RUNAWAY ADVENTURE.

BY REBECCA EDITH HILLES (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

It was one of those rare summer mornings that come only to San Diego. The air, in all its salty freshness, blew straight in from the sea, beyond beautiful "Point Loma," which shone like a bit of fairyland beneath the morning sky. The horses, their heads high, came prancing to the door, and off we started on the forty-mile drive to queer old *Lia Juana*, Mexico.

For weeks we had been waiting until frail little Miss Cranston, the missionary, could go with us. So, great was our joy when we descended to the carriage and found her waiting, her face one beaming smile beneath her little black bonnet. Off we started, Miss Cranston



"MY ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY FRED LOOMIS MOHLER, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

saying over and over: "This is a great day for me! My first holiday in so many, many months!"

How little any of us knew what a great day it was, indeed, to be before we ever again saw our vine-covered hotel set among its palms and roses! I sat on the front seat, beside our driver, a pious-looking old Quaker with long white hair and whiskers. He was the owner of the big bay horses, and quite as proud of them as they seemed to be of themselves. My mother noticed, however, that one of them shied at every passing carriage; but the driver assured us he'd "raised 'em both, an' they were just as gentle as kittens."

He might have added that one was only a colt, and frightened easily, but he left us to find that out a few hours later.

After a glorious day, we found ourselves "homeward bound." I, sleepy and tired, tucked my head in mother's lap, and soon went to dreamland. A voice like Miss Cranston's wildly shrieking, "Whoa!" wakened me, while I felt the carriage lifted high in the air as the horses sprang to and fro. All the sins I had ever done came up before me like a black cloud, and, wringing my hands, I wept bitterly. In a terror-stricken voice I heard myself saying, "O Lord, have mercy!"

Bits of harness flew in the air, and pieces of the carriage broke off! We saw the driver would be dragged over the dashboard to his death, did he continue to



"MY ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY MARGARET ANDREWS, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

cling to the reins, as the horses had broken everything that held them to the carriage; and we all cried, "You'll be killed! Throw away the reins and let them run!"

That saved our lives, for they ran on, and we tumbled out of the wreck, within a few feet of a telegraph-pole close by a railroad track, where another moment would have sent us to certain death.

THE COURSE OF THE BROOK.

BY DOROTHY MERCER (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

NEAR the cloud-encircled summit
Of a mountain crowned with snow
Is my source, from which I trickle
To the valley far below,

Where I babble through a pasture,
Daisies grow along my brink,
And I widen here, and deepen,
Where the cattle come to drink;

Then I join a mighty river,
And we two rush on in glee,
Past the dusty, murky cities,
Till we reach the open sea.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE WAY TO JAMAICA.

BY MARGARET DAVIDSON
(AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

We started from Philadelphia, the 1st of February, for Jamaica. It is a five days' voyage.

The second night we were out we encountered a storm. The electric lights went out, the engine broke down, and it was three hours before it was sufficiently repaired to move on.

In the meantime the ship was at the mercy of the waves, which dashed all over the deck, higher than the top of the state-room doors. The ship would roll over and go down, down, till the port-holes touched the water. Then it would slowly right itself, and go down as far on the other side. The sensation was fearful. When the boat would go down, we would think it would never right itself again.

The howling and screeching of the wind, and the moaning of the waves, made the night terrible.

it open. There we were—my mother in the lower berth, and myself in the upper—in total darkness. If one of us did not pull the door shut, we should be washed out and drowned. Just as the boat started to right itself, mother jumped out of her berth and tried to pull the door shut. In her agony pulling against the wind, the knob came off in her hand, and for a moment it seemed as if we should both be drowned. Just then a fierce gust of wind blew the door shut and knocked her in on to the floor of the state-room, and we were safe.

THE BROOK AT OUR FARM.

BY CLAIRE LAWALL (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

The brook at our farm is different
From any I have seen,
It runs along the meadow,
And by the grass so green.

I love to take my playthings there,
And play the livelong day,
While "Bobby," my little terrier,
Scampers among the hay.

I think I see the fairies there,
When I am by myself;
They sail in little fairy boats,
And the boatman is an elf.

I want to go and play with them;
But when I start to rise,
And just begin to speak to them,
They vanish from my eyes.

There is nothing I like better
Than to dream beside the
brook,
About the fairies I have seen,
That vanish when I look.

Oh, the brook at our farm is different
From any I have seen;
It runs along the meadow,
And by the grass so green.



"MY ANIMAL FRIEND." BY ADELIA JOHNSON, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

NOTICE.

The St. Nicholas League is an association of ST. NICHOLAS readers. Any reader of the magazine (not necessarily a subscriber) is entitled to membership, and will be sent a League badge and instruction leaflet, free, on application.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE HILLS OF INDIA.

BY FRANCES C. JEFFERY
(AGE 13).
(*Silver Badge.*)

DURING the hot season in India, which comes about the month of May and lasts through August, most of the missionaries and their families go up to the Pulney Hills, where it is cooler.

It was during a season at Kodai-kanal that I had an interesting adventure.

One bright afternoon my brother Richard, sister Pauline, friend Willie, and myself went out in the woods for a picnic. We picked the wild violets and ferns and talked and told stories.

When we came to a comfortable-looking log my brother said, "Let's sit down here and eat our plantains and sandwiches"; and



"SQUIRREL." BY MARGARET A. DOLE, AGE 14.
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"LOCKED OUT." BY ORIAN E. DIVER, AGE 14.

We accepted Pauline's suggestion, but Willie's thought was not taken so agreeably. Just then we heard voices, and all of us crouched behind trees. Two Tamil boys walked past us with bows and arrows, probably intending to shoot birds.

When they had passed we went on up to a little stream and began wading. We were plashing about gleefully, when I noticed my small brother was standing still, intently looking at something. I followed the direction of his gaze and saw a chetah.

He looked almost as large as a tiger, and generally devoured only dumb animals.

But this fact I did not know.

"It's a tiger!" I gasped; and, seeing that Willie and Pauline had taken to their heels, I clutched hold of Richard's arm and followed. We did not stop till we reached home.

A few days later a chetah was killed in the same woods, and I excitedly declared, when I saw its body, that he was the same one.

THE ADVENTURES OF MOSES.

BY PHILIP WARREN THAYER
(AGE 11).
(*Silver Badge.*)

HOW HE ARRIVED.

IT was in March that I first saw him. The winter snows were melting, and the brook behind the house was transformed into a foaming yellow torrent. I had been building a castle, but had stopped for lack of boards; so now I stood on the bank of the stream with a long pole, trying to bring to land any suitable pieces of wood that might be floating by. I had already secured quite a few choice pieces, when along came an empty orange-crates with a thoroughly drenched gray-and-white kitten perched on top of it. By leaning far out I managed to bring it ashore, and the shivering kitten seemed to be very glad to be through with his first adventure. I took him home, dried, fed, and warmed him, and of course we called him "Moses."

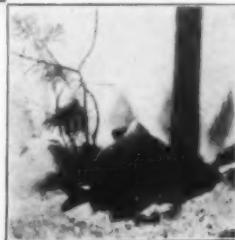
WHAT BECAME OF THE CREAM-PITCHER.

MOSES grew to be a fine big cat, and we were very fond of him; but, I am sorry to say, he could not be taught to be honest and trustworthy. When we were in the room he would keep off the table and would not eat the food that belonged to the family; but when we were out of sight he was liable to do anything. One day my mother could not find the cream-pitcher, which she had placed, half full of cream, before the pantry window. Moses slept in a basket behind the stove; but that night he failed to appear, though called and looked for everywhere. For five days he was absent. One morning my mother was washing dishes, when through the open kitchen door walked an emaciated and despon-



"WILD DUCKS." BY CLAIRE CURRAN, AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

dent gray-and-white cat, with the rim of the missing cream-pitcher around his neck! It was Moses. Where he spent those five days, and what were the harrowing details of this second adventure, we never knew; but he never again took anything that did not belong to him.



"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY DUDLEY WALLACE, AGE 14.



"A STUDY OF THE HAND." BY HELEN MERTZANOFF, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE BROOK AND ITS FRIEND.

BY MARGARET P. TALBOT (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

COME, little brook, I 'll run with thee;
We 'll run away to the deep blue sea.
"Oh, little friend, I would—but how?
I 'm frozen to ice, and can't come now."
Well, then we can wait till the summer or spring;
Then onward we 'll go and merrily sing.

HOW THE ROBIN GOT A RED BREAST.

BY JOHN GUY GILPATRIC (AGE 9).

ONE day the robin thought he would be swell, so he bought a black coat and white vest and a red tie.

He was going to a dance, so he put on his best clothes and the red necktie. It was in April, and raining hard, but the robin went. He forgot his umbrella, and when he got to the dance he looked down at his white vest, and there—the tie had run all over it!

The robin scrubbed and scrubbed, but the red would n't come off; so from that day robins have had red breasts.

THE BROOK.

BY SUSAN WARREN WILBUR (AGE 12).

GLIDING 'neath o'erhanging rushes,
Bubbling o'er a pebble round,
Whirling past a stone and flowing
Into spots no man has found;

Peering into fishes' dwellings,
Hiding 'neath the grasses long,
Flowing, flowing ever onward
Goes the brook with murmur'ring song.

THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

BY GERTRUDE A. STRICKLER (AGE 15).

I STARTED—oh! so long ago,
No one remembers when!
And I 've been singing, as I flow,
For every day since then.

For every day? Oh, no, I 'm wrong;
Sometimes quite still I keep,
And do not sing my little song—
For I am sound asleep.

But when the days are long and hot,
I sing, and sing, and sing;
While in some cool and shady spot
The cows lie listening.

And out and in, and in and out,
From shadow into light,
The little fishes dart about
And chase the sunbeams bright.

And though to watch the fishes play
I 'd like to stop awhile,
I hasten along my winding way
O'er many a pleasant mile.

AN ADVENTURE.

BY JOSIE HAMPTON (AGE 12).

ONE February morning, about six o'clock, a party of friends and myself started out with our skates slung over our shoulders, thinking that we would get good skate before the ice began to get slushy. When we arrived we buckled on our skates in a great hurry; but when we began to skate we found, to our dismay, that it was rough—so we started to a much deeper pond not far off. Several reached the pond before the crowd came, I being one of these. The ice was very good in the center, but near the edges it was thin; but we were not afraid, and began to enjoy ourselves. Suddenly one of the boys who was skating quite fast ran into a crust of snow on the ice and broke through. One of the girls and I, being the nearest to him, attempted to be the gallant rescuers, and the ice broke with us also; so there we were all three in the water, holding to the edges of the ice and trying to climb out; but, of course, the ice would break just as we were about out, and so we got very discouraged and gave up the attempt. Then



"MY ANIMAL FRIEND." BY MARJORIE E. PARKS, AGE 14.

Frances began to call for help, and the whole crowd came running as fast as they could—some with one skate on and one off.

We were pulled out dripping and wet up to our necks (for we had managed to keep from going under). After they got me out, as I started to walk I broke through again, but was pulled out in a hurry.

We looked like a funeral procession instead of the gay party that had started out two hours before.

When we arrived at our homes our teeth were chattering so fast that we could hardly speak; but we were all out playing that afternoon, as if nothing had happened; and a crowd of us went back and gathered up a few skates that had been left.

I told mama that the medicine she gave me was almost as bad as falling in.

THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

BY CLEMENT R. WOOD (AGE 16).

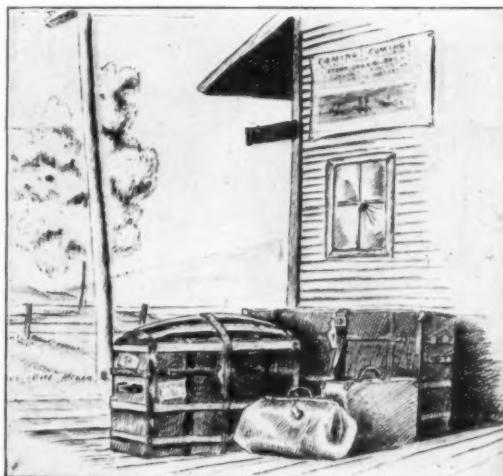
I RISE in a pool that is limpid and cool,
Where the water springs up with a will;
Through the woodland I flow, with its trees
bending low;
Then ho! for a run down the hill.

Though I'd rather stay here, I must follow, I fear,
Where the flowers are dried by the sun;
For I'll do them more good than I could in this
wood;
So downward—far downward—I run.

And the thirst-smitten cows, here beneath the tree
boughs,
Come gladly my waters to drink,
Where the sweet flowers grow as I steadily flow
And broider my ferny-fringed brink.

On, on down the hill, and I turn every mill,
For I've grown to a creek in my flight.
As onward I flow to a river I grow—
Hurrah! for the ocean's in sight!

But I'm caught up again to descend in the rain,
And down on the mountains I spill.
Now ho! for the pool that is limpid and cool,
And again for a run down the hill.



"JULY." BY OSCAR F. SCHMIDT, AGE 13.

A WESTERN HOLD-UP.

BY LUCILE RAVENSCROFT (AGE 13).

PERHAPS you have heard of the numerous hold-ups in the West. I live in Denver, and will tell you a true story of a hold-up—the only one I was ever in. It happened when I was about eight years old. Two of my friends and myself had been planning for several days how to get some money to buy candy with. We earned a little, and were given a little, and at last had the required amount—which consisted of fifteen cents each. It was a bright spring day, and we went hippety-hop, with our arms around each other, to the nearest store to spend our money. This meant a great deal to us.

We took some time in choosing the different kinds we wanted, and were happily coming home when, all at once, we saw four unknown boys barricading the sidewalk.

They told us we could not pass unless we would give up all our precious candy.

We were so frightened we did as they told us, and ran home as fast as we could go—three very unhappy little girls.

FOLLY MILL BROOK.

BY LEWIS S. COMBES (AGE 8).

(*Honor Member.*)

TRICKLE, trickle, little brook,
Coming down the hill;
Trickle, trickle all the way
Down to Folly Mill.

Ripple, ripple through the bridge,
Into meadows wide;
Ripple, ripple o'er the stones
Where the fishes hide.

Hurry, hurry to the pond
By the maple-tree;
Slower, slower through the marsh,
Flowing to the sea.



"MY ANIMAL FRIEND." BY SIDNEY MOISE, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)



AN ADVENTURE.

BY IRENE BOWEN (AGE 13).

THE hero of this tale was a very humble one. He was only a yellow puppy with a wrinkled black nose, curling tail, and short legs. He was a common dog, and, as his mother soon died, he was alone and friendless. He had a home, but it was a very poor one, for his masters were of that class which travel in wagons as gipsies do.

"Captain" he was named, but "Cap" he was called whenever he was called anything. Cap had a kind disposition which rarely protested against the kicks he received. Sometimes, however, he stole food when he was very hungry, and then he was beaten unmercifully.

At last Cap decided to go away, but he found the world no kinder. Boys tied cans on his tail, cats fought him, and dogs chased him. Finally a cow tossed him upon her horns and threw him over a fence.

When Cap could walk again he went home—for the wagon was still home. When he reached the place where it had stood it was gone, and Cap trotted many miles before he caught it. Then he sank down to rest, but the men soon saw him and were angry. They had only kept him to watch the wagon; and since he did not do that, they did not want him.

That night the men visited a large farmhouse, and there found a place in which to fasten Cap.

Two old ladies lived in this house, and their little niece, Ethel, was visiting them. In the morning one of them opened the wood-house door, and a yellow dog jumped upon her, barking joyfully at his release.

For a week Cap was happy; Ethel petted him, and he grew strong and playful. But our hero had one more obstacle in his path. The assessor came. Cap's story was told; the assessor proposed to chloroform him, and they assented.

Ethel was horrified at the thought of killing the dog, and took him and ran away to her swing. There her aunts found her crying, with her arms around Cap;

and her tears must have changed their intentions, for the assessor went away satisfied.

Cap had entered his kingdom. He lived there many years; and one day, when he was old and blind, Ethel came to see him. He greeted her joyfully and then fell down at her feet, dead.

THE LEGEND OF THE WILLOW-TREE AND BROOK.

BY FRANCES LUBBE ROSS (AGE 14).

A WILLOW-TREE, one lovely day, Espied a brook, so legends say. So laughing, gay, and fair was she, That she bewitched the willow-tree. He bent far down to whisper to her; He spoke sweet words and tried to woo her;

But brooklet, pretty, saucy maid, To him no kind attention paid. She sparkled on beneath the rays Of sunshine bright; for days and days He begged her, weeping, to be kind, But to him she was deaf and blind. And so he's stayed, for many years, Until, because of all his tears, A weeping willow he's been named; While brooklet, for her coldness famed, Still sparkles on, most full of glee, Not noticing, although the tree Beside her, weeping, still is found, With branches hanging to the ground.

THE ADVENTURES OF A RUBBER DOLL.

BY FLORENCE R. T. SMITH (AGE 16).

"PUDGE" was my first doll, and he is now over fifteen years old. As he always went everywhere with me,—to bed and the bath-tub among other places,—his rubber face is so cracked that if one attempted to put it in shape it would surely break, as it is brittle.

When I was about five years old, Pudge and I went on a picnic near a lake about five miles from home.

After lunch I went out in a boat with a lady of the party, and, after fastening a string to the doll's neck, I pulled him through the water behind me.

Of course the string broke, and Pudge floated away.

Before I noticed his absence he had vanished completely. I felt very badly, so we went out on the lake later, and at last found him bobbing about among the lily-pads.

His next journey was a trip to Newark, New Jersey, a year later. As Pudge had no suitable hat for the occasion, I had him borrow one of his brother "Tommy."

When my mother and I left the train at Newark we were jostled against other people in the crowd, and the hat was lost. Looking around, I saw it caught in the fringe of a lady's cape, and I screamed, "Oh, mama,



"STUDY OF A HAND." BY ENID E. JONES, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

Pudge has lost Tommy's hat, and now Tommy won't have any, either!"

By the time I had told my mother where the hat was, the lady was out of sight, and Pudge never found the borrowed hat. Poor old Pudge is now packed in a drawer with his brothers and sisters, too old to be of use to any one.

Several years ago his queer, cracked face won for him, at a doll show, the prize awarded to the homeliest doll.

I think I had better times with Pudge than with any of my other dolls, although he was certainly the "ugly duckling."

A FAIRY TALE.

BY MARGUERITE HUNT (AGE 13).

MAID MARION was a pretty child, A pretty child was she, Who dearly loved the fairy folk With a fondness fair to see. And all the bright, warm summer days She hunted high and low For pixies, gnomes, and fairies sweet, That she so wished to know. And one day, as she wandered— Wandered o'er the meadows green, A fairy came and stole her, And she never more was seen. Her lifelong wish was granted, She was happy as could be: She was living with the fairy folk, A fay herself and—free!

THE DIARY OF A DRAGON.

BY MORRIS G. BISHOP (AGE 11).

(*Honor Member.*)

12689 B.C.

JUNE 1. Ate a magician. I think I'm getting sick. That magician had a bottle labeled "Sleeping Mixture." I think I'll take it. My old friends the Seven Sleepers said there was nothing as refreshing as a good long nap.

1905 A.D.

June 1. I took it. I did n't remember anything else until I found an old man prodding me in the ribs and saying: "Fine specimen of a Rinlobistoxatsthorus." I ate him instantly for insulting me so. What does he take me for? A Russian?

June 7. These people have more impudence. I met a man to-day who tried to sell me a sewing-machine. I threatened to eat him, and he offered me a cure for indigestion. I ate his traps besides himself.

June 8. Went to a museum, and there I saw the bones of my poor old mother, labeled "Shakepolidaristankoronorifitorus." I just lay down and cried. But I only cried the oil for that sewing-machine. It's my



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY HELEN O. C. BROWN, AGE 15.

own fault. The family doctor always said such things would go to my head.

June 12. Saw a lot of people getting something from a boy called a newsboy. I went up to him. He said, "Take the 'World'?" "It would be too much at one gulp," I replied. "'Sun'?" said he. "No, thanks; I don't deal in planets," said I. "Have a 'Herald'?" he said. "Yes," I answered. "Heralds have a distinct flavor and don't wear armor, which gives me indigestion." But the insolent cub only gave me a piece of paper. He tasted awfully.

June 17. A dime-museum man offered me \$20 per week and all his creditors for food if I would join his company. I accepted.

June 18. The dime-museum man was saying, "This is the only great and original dragon," when a man said, "Aw, he's all hot air. That dragon is just two men inside a skin." I showed him I was all hot air. I scorched the people for ten rows back. And as for two men, there must have been a dozen.

(*Extract from the "New York Courier."*)

"A dragon was found sleeping on the third rail of the subway, just above Forty-second Street. He stopped traffic for four hours, until he was blown up with dynamite. That cleared the track."

THE BROOK FAIRY.

BY ROBERT E. ROGERS
(AGE 16).



"ANIMAL FRIENDS." BY FANNY J. WALTON, AGE 15.

BENEATH the wind-blown sedge, where April flowers Scatter pink petals in the hurrying stream, There is a cool blue grotto, dim with vines, Where sits a water-nymph with harp of pearl, Attuned to faint and fairy melody. Perchance on rushy banks, by shady elms, She rests, and binds her misty golden hair With water-lilies dropping silver dew, — Her sun-kissed hair, which pours about her face, Over her lovely bosom and white arms, And mingles with her jewel-tissued weed, Broadered with many a wondrous sea-carved gem, Woven of shimmering green, a misty gauze,

Through which, as seen through waters, half revealed,
Shines her sweet body, rosy in the light.
And through the trees the weary wanderer,
Lured by the wave-like music of her song
And by the winsome magic of her eyes,
Kneels at her feet, and in her soft, sweet arms
Drowsily wastes his soul in kisses; then
She slowly bears him down in ripples cool,
To sleep forever in her dim, blue cave;
While bending o'er him in her loveliness,
The maiden softly sings his slumber-song.

AN ADVENTURE.

BY DONALD M. BROWN (AGE 11).

ONE bright Saturday morning in the summer of 1902, I, in company with about seventy other boys, all members of the "Boys' Club of Chautauqua," started for a hay-ride, taking a lunch of lemons and candy; intending to stop at Wanita Point, a summer resort some two miles west of the assembly grounds, where the larger boys were going to have a lemon fight in the water.

Here, out from a large hotel, a long dock extended, its end standing in about ten feet of water. Upon this the boys gathered to wave a salute to the head instructor as he came up the lake in a launch, accompanied by his wife, who was just returning from a trip she had taken in search of health.

We saluted, and the launch was within six feet of the dock when the latter gave way, leaving about fifty small boys—few of whom could swim—struggling in the water. Things seemed pretty serious for a while.

One boy, evidently pretty much surprised at this sudden ducking, struck for the middle of the lake, crying that he could not swim a stroke!

I sank once, but when I came up I saw a pole projecting up out of the water, and, seizing it, held myself up until one of the instructors lifted me on to the remaining part of the dock, and I went inshore.

And so we were lifted, one by one, from our watery bed by the instructors and older boys, who worked bravely. The strict discipline we had been under, the obedience to the instructors which we had been taught, really prevented a serious accident.

As it was, the only real loss we suffered was in hats instead of life, the storekeeper finding it very hard to supply fifty new hats for Sunday.

WHERE DO THE FAIRIES MEET?

BY JESSICA NELSON NORTH (AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

WHERE, oh where, do the fairies meet?
I've hunted the country through;
I've looked in the heart of the violet sweet
As it shone with its wealth of dew,
And I've watched the crest of a cloudland fleet
As it floated across the blue.

I've searched the sky when the thunder rolled,
By the wrestling demons riven;

And I've watched the lights of red and gold
As they shone in the west at even,
And the still white beams, so clear and cold,
That fell from the moon in heaven.

I thought, as I stood on the silent hill,
That I heard their hastening feet;
But it was the wind of midnight chill
As it rustled the fields of wheat.
And the question remains unanswered still,—
Where do the fairies meet?

MY BROTHER'S ADVENTURE.

(A True Story.)

BY ALICE BRAUNLICH (AGE 17).

IT was in the summer of the year 1902, and in the city of Amsterdam, that my little brother met with an adventure which, though it now seems to him more amusing than thrilling, made him wish, at the time, to leave the land of canals forever.

We had spent the afternoon at the Zoological Garden, with its large collection of birds and beasts; had with difficulty torn ourselves from the bright flamingos and graceful swans; and were returning on foot to our hotel. In that part of the city the walks are quite narrow—so narrow, in fact, that we were obliged to march in single file. Hugo, the little brother, led the way; I followed; then came mama, next papa, and the big brother brought up the rear. We were walking along a canal, and, as canals were still quite new to me, I went slowly, enjoying the view, and not noticing that my little brother was at a considerable distance ahead.

He was walking on, unconcerned, in haste to reach the hotel for supper, when he was met by a group of Dutch boys about his age, who stopped him and began to talk to him in Dutch. Hugo, bewildered, cried, "Kannit verstan!" and tried to move on. But one of the boys held him fast; another seized his cap—an English cap; and they all continued to talk in loud and angry tones. The only words that my brother could understand were "Englishman!" and "Canal!" which they repeated frequently and with great vehemence.

Hugo turned pale, for he knew that the Dutch were unfriendly to the English on account of the Boer War; and he thought that the boys were threatening to throw him into the canal. They were four against one.

Fortunately the rest of us arrived upon the scene before the Hollanders could put their threat into execution. At sight of us the boys fled, without giving papa a chance to explain that Hugo was not an Englishman, but an American.

We found the British cap upon the ground, where one of the boys had dropped it; but my brother never wore it again as long as we stayed in Holland.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

MARGARET E. BULL, Secretary of Chapter No. 759, of Naugatuck, Conn., writes to say that this chapter gave a very successful entertainment, which consisted of a ST. NICHOLAS play, "The



"MY ANIMAL FRIEND." BY JOHN S. FERRY,
AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Magic Sword," on Washington's Birthday. Cake and ice-cream were served, and the total receipts were \$136.37, of which the profit, \$90, was given to the King's Daughters for charitable work. This is very commendable work, and we are only sorry that Chapter No. 759 was not competing in one of our Chapter Entertainment Competitions, as it would almost certainly have won a prize. Never mind, there will be other competitions by and by.

Chapter No. 785, 37 Stimson Place, Detroit, Mich. (Grace L. Barber, Secretary), would like to correspond with foreign chapters. Will foreign secretaries please consider this proposition?

Maria Bullitt would like to know if drawings can be made with a brush. Yes, if made in black and white only. Maria also asks, "What is an honor member?" An honor member, as often explained, is one who has won a gold badge.

The following League members would like to exchange souvenir postal cards: Dorothy Mercer, 8 W. 88th St., N. Y. City; Eileen Keefe, 16 Richmond St.; Geraldine Carleton, 249 City Road; and Beatrice Carleton, 249 City Road, all of St. John, New Brunswick. Margaret Bates, 109 Riverside Drive, N. Y. City. Florence Show, 306 Fourth Ave., Asbury Park, N. J.

TYNEMOUTH, ENGLAND.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received your badges last Monday, and feel exceedingly important at getting such an immense envelop. The badges are, we all think, very pretty, and we always wear them. We had a meeting last Thursday. I read the rules out and made some announcements, and then it was time to stop. It was my birthday yesterday. I was fifteen. I got some lovely presents.

My sister is going to be married on the 4th of April, and I am going to be chief bridesmaid; it is getting very exciting — what with having dresses fitted on, and presents arriving, etc.

Now I have no more to say.

Yours truly,
MURIEL FAIRWEATHER.

SCYAMORE SPRINGS, KANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thank you very much indeed for my gold badge. I tried to win it for so long; and, now that I have, I don't know how to express my thanks.

When the magazine came I looked in the Roll of Honor, and, not finding my name there, did not suppose that it deserved encouragement. But as it is almost impossible to lay the ST. NICHOLAS down before one has looked it through, I began to explore the pages of the League and saw it.

I knew very little about poetry until I joined the League, and then I always compared my contributions with the best, corrected my mistakes, and never made them again.

I don't think we could do without the ST. NICHOLAS, for we have taken it since 1899.

Wishing you many prosperous years, I am your interested reader,
GLADYS NELSON.

MILL VALLEY, MARIN CO., CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I live in a little town just outside of San Francisco, at the foot of Mount Tamalpais. Together with several friends, I cross the bay to San Francisco to high school. I have a camera and will exchange pictures of our home and surroundings with a girl correspondent of fifteen or sixteen, if she wishes to do so.

Hoping you will always prosper and bring as much joy to those who will take you in the years to come as you do to those now,

I remain,
ELIZABETH BRIDGE.

P. S. I want to add that I belong to the League Chapter No. 651, in which I have had many jolly times.

GLENS LOCH, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There is a flicker (or pigeon-woodpecker) that comes to our roof at about six o'clock in the morning and pecks a few times, then drums; and it makes the funniest noise, because the bird is on top of the attic. It sounds like this: "Brr-r-r-rum-bum-brr-r-rum-bum." The first day we heard it we thought it was somebody knocking on the door, and so everybody (that is to say, mother and my tutor, Mr. Beebe) went bustling around the house; and the next morning mother looked out of the window and saw a woodpecker sitting on the peak of the roof, pecking away at it. The reason that it does this is because the worms come out to see what the matter is, and the woodpecker calmly gobble them up; and he does this until he gets almost all the worms out of the roof.

In Athens my father saw a little girl with a St. Nicholas badge on, and my father asked her what it meant, and she said: "Why, didn't you know I belonged to the St. Nicholas League, and that this is my badge?" She seemed to be very proud of the badge.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY HILDA BRONSON, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

because we almost never saw her without it on. We have four hundred (400) pigeons — Antwerp homing pigeons I mean — and six (6) or seven (7) little calves, and they butt (or try to butt) everybody that passes by them; even their mothers fall a victim to their butting.

We had a thoroughbred Jersey heifer named "Beauty," and how do you think it died? By eating white lead for its breakfast. I think it thought the lead was condensed milk.

I remain your friend,

HOWARD AVIL WORRELL KATES (age 11).

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you for the ST. NICHOLAS badge and leaflet. I want to tell you something that our collie dog did. One day Clara, our maid, went out rowing in the evening, and Lady Babbie followed her down to the dock. Then Clara put a box of matches in the bushes, so she could get them when she came back, and off she went; and when Clara got home at eleven o'clock at night, she saw Babbie waiting on the dock. As Clara stepped off she heard something rattle in Babbie's mouth. She called her to see what it was. As she took it out she saw that it was the box of matches, and it had not a scar on it. I think Babbie must have known it was something that Clara had wanted.

Your affectionate reader,
ALICE BRISTOW (age 9).

SHEPHERD BUSH, LONDON, W., ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have to thank you very much indeed for awarding me a silver badge, as the result of a photograph that I sent in.

When dear old ST. NICK arrived, I turned over the pages until I came to the Roll of Honor. After glancing anxiously down the columns and not seeing my name, I turned the leaves with trembling fingers, and saw my photograph placed second in the League, with "silver badge" underneath.

I think I was simply crazy for a little while, and no words can fully express how pleased I was, or how grateful I am to you.

There is only one thing I am waiting for now, and that is the badge itself. I eagerly watch every post, and am quite disappointed when it does not come.

I must, I suppose, be patient; and I hope by the time you receive this I shall be wearing it. I thank you for it in advance, and just know it will be perfectly splendid.

I am eager to win more laurels if I can, especially as I have only six months left to do so. I have worked up from the Roll of Honor, and hope to end with a cash prize. I am afraid I am not very modest.

I take many English magazines, but without doubt there are none to compare with ST. NICK.

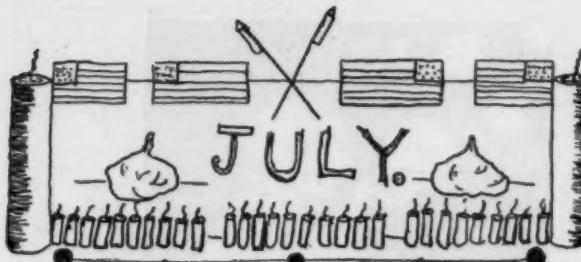
I have one American friend, but she is in Germany. I should like very much to correspond with some of your League members, as I am an ardent collector of post-cards, and should dearly like some of America.

Thanking you again and again, believe me,

Your sincere admirer,

DOROTHEA DA PONTE WILLIAMS.

Other interesting and appreciative letters have been received from Lewis P. Craig, Frances Willard Huston, G. O. Baul Hackett, Marian Tyler, Grace L. Barber, Edward J. Dimock, Katherine D. Barbour, Sidney Moise, Gertrude T. Nichols, Barbara O. Benjamin, Millie Pearson, Mildred E. Vernal, Henrietta McIvor, Eleanor Gill, Louisa F. Spear, Ruth G. DePledge, Persia Parker, Mildred Quiggle, Miriam H. Tanberg, Mary Parker, Elizabeth M. Ruggles, C. Rachel Clarke, Ethel Hohmann, Munil L. Gibson, Kathie Macphail, Elizabeth McKim, Lucie C. Jones, Harry W. Hazard, Jr., Gracie Westbrooks, Lillie A. Lemp, Enma M. Guenther, Elizabeth C. Burt, and Dorothy St. John Mildmay.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY PRISCILLA A. WILLIAMS, AGE 7. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.
No. 2. A list of those whose work is considered worthy of encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Corinne Bowers
Florence Short
Ethel Dickson
Arthur Albert Myers
Dorothy H. Eberole
Myrtle Moore
Greta Torpadie Björk
Kate Sprague De Wolf
Hélène Mabel Sawyer
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Leland G. Hendricks
Jeanie G. Knowles
Elizabeth Roberts
Eleanor Johnson
Natalie Wurts
Emily Rose Bur
Maud Dudley Shackett
Marguerite Stuart
Louise F. Spear
Rachel M. Crane
Mary Travis Howard
Elliot Q. Adams
Jessie E. Wilcox
Catharine E. Jackson
Katharine M. Sherman
Marjorie Peck
Gladys Nelson
Marguerite Weed
Nannie Clark Barr
Primrose Lawrence
Frances Paine
Mary Winslow
Teresa Vincic
Harold R. Norris
Dorothy St. John
Mildmay
Fly DeGrove Baker

VERSE 2.

Frances Q. Nichols
Monica Shannon
Clarence B. Reesemill
Ella E. Preston
Frances Raymond Hill
Walter MacEwen
Mary Elizabeth Mair
Roxane H. Vining
Helene Esberg
Bessie Every
Gratia B. Camp
Erma Berthel Mixson
Florence Isabel Miller
Eva Harrington
Margaret Albert
Alida Palmer
Mildred Seitz
Marjorie W. Lee
Joseph P. D. Hull
Alta M. Lockwood
Marguerite Eugene Stephens
Dorothy Coit

PROSE 1.

Gladys Halter
Julia G. Moore
Carolyn Houston
Emily Cale
Morris Gilbert Bishop
Theodore B. Elliott
McCormick
Dorothy Gibson
Madeline F. H. White
Sarah F. Elliott
Margaret Douglass
Gordon
Mabel Robinson
Katherine Norton
Francis Marion Miller
Marie A. Pierson
Grace E. Moore
Theima Elkins
Charles Curtis Amidon
Howard Murphy
Edna Andersson
Dorothy Barclay

PROSE 2.

Easie Warner
Adelaide Durst
Harold I. Jeffrey
Mabel Leescombe
Margaret Abbott
Helen Leslie Follansbee
Gwendolen Tugman
Elsie F. Weil
Twila A. McDowell
J. Murphy
Mary Louis Smith
Margaret T. Fitchell
Benjamin Cohen
Catharine Wharton
George Erskine Heard
Lola Hall
Carl Olsen
Marion Louise Fox
Harry E. Popp
Vera V. van Nes
Mary Pemberton
Nourse
Rosamond Baker
Harris
Sylvana Blumer
Isabel McCarthy
Ormiston C. Gordon
Gladys M. Adams
Helen B. Jessup
Gertrude Ford
Mary M. Dabney
Julia Dorsey Musser
Hiram Langdon Kenicott
Josephine Freud
Josephine Zesinger
Brooks Shepard
Esther Avid
Hilda Torpp
Dorothy Bedell
Melville Coleman
Levey
Elizabeth Wilder
Lillian M. Hynes

Bertha Hansen
Robert E. Naumburg
Beulah Elizabeth Amidon
Eulalia Barker
Jane Campbell
Audrey M. Stites
Norbert Wiener
Marion Peterson
Philip Babcock
Constance Atwood
Donald Murphy
Frances Ross
Alice Knowles
Freda M. Harrison
Thomas W. Huntington
Marjory G. Lachmund

DRAWINGS 1.

Richard A. Reddy
Alice Shirley Willis
Claudia Paxton Old
Harold G. Breul
Gordon Ashford
Mitchell
Helen L. Wilson
John D. Butler
Roland I. Stringham
Stasito Azoy
Lucy E. B. Mackenzie
Monica Peirson Turner
Bernice Corson

DRAWINGS 2.

Eugenia Vansant
Webb Mellin Siemens
Elizabeth Cockle
Margaret Osborne
Frederic S. Murray
Frieda Funkh
Mary Pyne
Hazel F. Bradley
R. J. Harrison
Mildred E. Verral
Lydia C. Gibson
Kate M. Horton
Helen L. Allen
Thomas League
Nancy E. Barton
Katharine L. Carrington
Ruth Lawrence Carroll
Clara Shanafelt

Evelyn Buchanan
Katherine Dulcibella
Barbour
Kate Fisher
Sidney Cohen
Vera Demens
Katherine Mize
Walter Burton Nourse

DRAWINGS 2.

Ruth Walden
Rachel Wyse
Robert Fairman
Hester Noyes
Irving Beach
Katherine Gibson
Louis P. Hastings
Marguerite McCormick
Ellinore Clark
John Eliot Woolley
Vivie Fisher
Rebecca Wyse
Helen Wilson
Kathleen Buchanan
Genevieve Morse
Bessie Bocage
Maria S. Bullitt
Theresa R. Robbins
Nelly B. Lewis
Esther T. Root
Ruth Brockington
Tom Moffett
Flora Sheen
Eugenia Vansant
Webb Mellin Siemens
Elizabeth Cockle
Margaret Osborne
Frederic S. Murray
Frieda Funkh
Mary Pyne
Hazel F. Bradley
R. J. Harrison
Mildred E. Verral
Lydia C. Gibson
Kate M. Horton
Helen L. Allen
Thomas League
Nancy E. Barton
Katharine L. Carrington
Ruth Lawrence Carroll
Clara Shanafelt

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Julia Ford Fiebiger
Dunton Hamlin
Maud L. Symonds



"LET INDEPENDENCE BE OUR BOAST"
"THE OLD GUARD." BY EDNA BEHRE, AGE 15.

Margaret Spencer-Smith
Martha Stringham
Garrison A. Reese
A. Brooks Lister
Bertha MacDavids
Melton R. Owen
Margery Bradshaw
Donald T. Carlisle
Alwyn C. B. Nicolson
Elmer Rampson, Jr.
Mae E. Bossert
Hugh Spence
Maurice Rosenberg
Gladys L'Estrange
Katherine L. Havens
Harriet Eager
Dorothy Curtis
Aline J. Macdonald
James Harrison

William C. Engle
Rita Ward
Elizabeth MacDougall
Ethel Messervy
Robert H. Gibson
Leicester Spaulding
Anna Graham Wilson
Margaret B. Richardson
Rexford Hawley
Elizabeth Jackson
Howard Wallingford
Los Macgavock
Sybil Emerson
Katherine L. Havens
Harriet Eager
Dorothy Curtis
Aline J. Macdonald
James Harrison

Alice Havens
Arthur Jennings White
Arthur H. Wilson
Aubrey Huston
Margaret F. Upton
Robert F. Granger
Margaret Janeway
Margaret Burroughs
Cornelia L. Walker
Gilbert Durand
Ruth A. Woodruff
Allyn R. Fraser
George Hill
Lawrence V. Sheridan
Jane Elliot Buchanan
Phyllis B. Mudie-Cooke
W. J. Hickmott, Jr.
Gertrude M. Howland

Susan J. Appleton
Adelaide Ellithorpe
James M. Walker
H. Ernest Bell
Roger T. Twitchell
Walter Creigh Preston
Knight Wooley

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.
Dorothea da Ponte
Williams
Helen Wing
Eleanor Cory
Philip Simons
William Whitelock
Marjorie Betts
Ada G. Kendall
Jack Platt
Stella Heinshelm
Alan F. Winslow
Joseph M. Hayman,
Jr.
Joseph C. Buchanan

Godfrey R. Thorne
Horace McK. Hatch
John Sittle
Arthur Blue
Theobald Forestall
Phyllis Eaton
Mary Pyne
Dorothy Eaton
Helen L. K. Porter
Charlotte Eaton
Julian Janeway
Charles Dodge Hoag
Ruth W. Leonard
Elizabeth Hena
Helen F. Price
Granville A. Perkins
Anita M. Smith
Katherine Robinson
Donald McIlvane
Donald A. Troup
Gertrude D. Wood
J. Rose-Troup
Gertrude O. Daniels

Katherine Hobart
Ely Raymond
Jeanette Langhaar
Alice B. Carleton
Randolph Payson
Donald T. Hood
Nathaniel S. Thayer
Charles McKnight
Marguerite Hyde
Anna C. Buchanan

NOTICE.

ANSWERS to the advertising competitions of the League should be addressed plainly to that department, as the two have different editors, and contributions are likely to be misplaced and lost when sent to the wrong department. *This is important.*

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 817. Alice M. Savage, President; Elsie Moore, Secretary; six members. Address, 52 Grant St., Somerville, Mass.

No. 818. "Sunshine Society." Ruth McKinley, President; Grace McKinley, Secretary; six members. Address, 208 Butler St., Lansing, Mich.

No. 819. Mary de Saussure, Secretary; seven members. Address, 66 Church St., Charleston, S. C.

No. 820. Leonard Rivers, President; Thelma Claiborne, Secretary; six members. Address, 5% Cassatt Library, 240 Orleans St., Memphis, Tenn.

No. 821. Ruth Tusei, President; Lawrence Booth, Secretary. Address, 746 Westlake Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

No. 822. "The Wild Violet." Catherine Flint, President; three members. Address, Wood Brae, Bellows Falls, Vt.

No. 823. "Le Moyne Institute League." Leonard Rivers, President; Katherine Goens, Secretary; sixty-five members. Address, 629 Wicks Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

No. 824. "G. G." Dorothy Connor, President; four members. Address, 1116 9th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

No. 825. "The Merry Makers." Buford Brice, President; seven members. Address, 2404 Bacon St., Washington, D. C.

No. 826. George M. Kelly, President; seven members. Address, 76 Quincy St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

William Fielden
Elwood Bachman
Dorothy Williams
Edith M. Andrews
Rene Piperoux

Alice Durand
Elsie van Nes
Elsie Wormser
Joseph S. Webb
Marjorie Nind
Robert S. Erskine
Hugh McMillan Kins-
gery
Olive A. Granger
Genevieve A. Hours-
ham
Richardde Charns, Jr.
Alice Garland
Henry Morgan Brooks
Lawrence Sherman
Thyna Jeremiassen
Margery Wyllie
Alice L. Cousins

Ruth L. Clay
Bertha D. Reimer

PUZZLES 1.

Agnes R. Lane
Andrée Mante
Regine Mante
Odette Mante
Marguerite Jervis
Elizabeth Beal Berry
J. Wells Baxter
E. Adelaide Hahn
Sybil Xavier Basford
Benjamin L. Miller
Fred Stedman
Elizabeth Palmer
Loper
Mary E. Rose
Edith L. Kaskel
Katharine Putnam
Erwin Janowitz
Eleanor V. Coverly

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 70.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. This does not include "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners.

Competition No. 70 will close July 20 (for foreign members July 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for October.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Camp" or "Camping."

Prose. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "The Fish that Got Away."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Vacation Days."



"A JUNE FANCY." BY JESSIE C. SHAW, AGE 17.

PUZZLES 2.

Marian Willis Tyler
Robert L. Moore
Eleanor Hussey
Lewis B. A. Mc-
Dowell
Will F. Lyon
Elizabeth H. Webster
David F. Baker
Caroline Dudley

Drawing. Indian ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "The Fence Corner" (from life) and a Heading or Tailpiece for October.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"TAILPIECE." BY CHAR-
LOTTE ST. G. NOURSE,
AGE 16.

BOOKS AND READING.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE Marchioness of **GIRLS' READING.** Londonderry has been setting forth in an English paper her suggestions as to the proper reading for young girls. Evidently she believes that, before twelve years of age, girls should become well acquainted with the best fairy stories, as, beginning with "Nursery Rhymes," she puts next the fairy stories by the brothers Grimm and those by Hans Andersen. The list, as it goes on, does not strike us as particularly well chosen. For instance, she includes the works of Captains Marryat and Mayne Reid. Most of the books by Reid and by Marryat are too old for girls of that age, and many of them are objectionable because of their sensational features.

She recommends, however, a book well worthy of attention and one seldom read to-day, "The Voyage of the Little Fox," by McClintock, certainly one of the little classics of Arctic exploration, and a most delightful true story for girls or boys.

A book she names in her list is "Self-Help," by Samuel Smiles. It would be interesting to learn on what grounds this is recommended, as it is a series of biographical notes meant chiefly to help poor young men to get on in the world.

At a later age, the same lady would have girls read rather deeply in history, and accompany the historical reading with such novels as Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" and Scott's in so far as they refer to the sixteenth century. We quote the end of the article in which these books are named :

Reading in this way, a girl becomes saturated with the subject; she breathes the atmosphere of the period she is reading about, and learns to take an interest in the lives of great men and women, and realizes the consequences of actions in real life; her judgment would be trained and her character formed by some such plan.

A STORY OF THE VIKINGS.

AMONG the serials that were published in St. NICHOLAS not long ago was a charming little story by Allen French entitled "Sir Marrok." Before the publication of that story in this magazine, Mr. French had won a great many friends

by his earlier serial of an entirely different character, "The Junior Cup," a story of life in a boys' boarding-school. Perhaps some of Mr. French's St. NICHOLAS friends would be glad to be reminded that Mr. French has written within a few months another story for young people well worth their attention in "Rolf and the Viking's Bow." He has made real for us the life of the old Northmen in their own home, and has also drawn a hero worthy of the traditions attaching to this land of brave men. It is rather remarkable that each of Mr. French's stories has so few points of resemblance to any other. They differ in time, in place, and in characters, and even in style of telling.

IN THE **ENCYCLOPEDIA.** If you will look at the first entry under the letter G in the "Britannica,"— which is an article on that letter itself,— you will find some interesting examples of words which may begin with either G or W, such as warrantee, guarantee; wage, gage; guise, wise. Under each letter of the alphabet in the encyclopedia you will find some good reading, for the tracing of the history of letters leads one among interesting bits of history. The letters I and J, and K and C, may also be consulted, during some rainy day, in your library.

AN INTRODUCTION AMONG the books **RECENTLY** published, there is one by S. R. Crockett meant to serve a very delightful purpose. Having learned that certain children, intimate friends of his, declared they could not read Sir Walter Scott, it occurred to Mr. Crockett that it would be wise to make such selections from a few of the more stirring Waverley Novels as would teach the children something of the delights that were in store for them if they would give the time necessary to make a beginning in any of these charming books.

There is no use in pretending that the reading of one of the Waverley Novels is quite so simple a matter as the reading of ordinary boys' or girls' books. The usual juvenile story contains so little in plot or in incident, displays so little character, and accomplishes so trivial a re-

sult, that it can begin almost anywhere, wander here and there without especial aim, and leave off at one place almost as well as at another. With Scott there is always a depth of purpose and a breadth of view making it necessary for him to lay a foundation before constructing the lighter parts of his novels. Some young readers are too impatient to make themselves acquainted with the conditions Scott wishes them to understand before taking up his story. As a result, these young critics read a few pages in a great masterpiece, declare it dull, and close the book forever — to no one's loss but their own.

"Redcap Tales," the title given by Mr. Crockett to his introduction to the *Waverley Novels*, is meant to show young readers of this sort all the delights they are losing. The book is beautifully made, and is exquisitely illustrated in color. It would make a good companion for either boy or girl during this vacation.

VACATION BOOKS. Not long ago in this department we asked for suggestions as to books suitable to take upon a camping trip. Then came the question as to whether boys and girls would care to take with them the works of any poet. A bright reader who lives in Maine writes to us to say that her first choice for such a trip would be her volume of Tennyson. But we will let her talk direct to you. She says: "Often and often, when the question of what to read arises, I turn to the top shelf of my book-case, where my poets live. The one who comes out to talk to me most is Tennyson, with Longfellow a close second. Dear Sir Walter is a great favorite, too, and Wordsworth's poems are well thumbed. So, you see, there is one bookworm, at least, to prove unfounded your fears that younger readers do not like poetry."

We should be very glad if so discriminating a lover of poetry would send us a few words of advice to other young girls, to aid them in selecting poems that would prove lifelong friends.

READERS OF DICKENS. What would the United States do without the State of Massachusetts? Here is a sharp-eyed critic who dates her indictment from Worcester, and delivers this terrible charge: "I have never noticed in the Books and Reading department anything about Charles Dickens." This hurts

her feelings, as she is especially fond of that author's works. We fear that there is some justice in our young assailant's accusation — not that it is entirely true, for we have never made up a list of books recommended for young people's reading without including those stories of Dickens's best fitted to please and help the younger readers.

Perhaps the reason that their mention is rare is the belief upon our part that the greater authors are so well known that there is little to be said about them personally. We should be very glad if our vigilant correspondent would send us a little letter, giving briefly the main facts about the life of Dickens, told in such a way as to interest young readers. Certainly his career was, in a way, almost as remarkable as that of Napoleon Bonaparte, and, some will say, undoubtedly of greater use to the world.

TWO FORGOTTEN STORIES. We thank another correspondent for sending us the names of two books which she recommends highly, although she says they are almost forgotten by young readers. These are "Caleb" and "The Little Lass," by Mary Paynter. Who will tell us more about these two volumes?

AN ERROR IN ENGLISH. Even the greatest authors now and then make a little slip in their English. Thus Sir Walter Scott in his "Legend of Montrose" has this sentence: "But ere Montrose could almost see what happened, Allan McAulay had rushed past him." The "almost" should come before "ere," in order to express the author's meaning.

A NEW "GIRLS' BOOK." During the vacation, when there come those inevitable gray days that confine you to the house, and you long for some little bits of amusing handiwork to occupy restless fingers without a great strain upon the resting mind, it would be hard to find a better help than the little manual entitled "Handicrafts for Girls," by the Beard sisters. Most books of this sort have been upon the market for a great many years, and are no more than copies of one another. But this American book is new, carefully prepared, and thoroughly practical. Here you will find designs and devices with which older girls and boys can amuse younger ones, and, incidentally, be themselves amused.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the May and June numbers ST. NICHOLAS described some of the most characteristic of American trees, and showed in outline the form of their leaves.

On pages 812 to 815 of this issue are shown, in the briefest space, pictorial outlines of the branch, twig, leaf, and fruit of fourteen of the principal American fruit and nut bearing trees, with added diagrams of the mulberry and cedar. The height of the tree in every case may be judged by comparing it with the height of the child standing beside it.

By the aid of these three contributions, ST. NICHOLAS readers should be able to distinguish and name correctly most of the common American trees.

"The Swallows' Revenge," on page 793 of this number, narrates a story of bird life so remarkable that it seems almost incredible. But in answer to a special inquiry the author writes that the story is a record of actual facts. Here is an extract from her letter.

SHIRBURN,

WALLINGFORD, ENGLAND.

. . . The incident of the swallows walling up their nest, with the sparrows that had stolen it inside, is perfectly true. It happened on this place many years ago, but I well remember it, and there are several other people who can vouch for it.

MARGARET WATSON.

THE LETTER-BOX.

PORTRLAND, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a picture of a tree-house built by brother Alan and me in a tall fir-tree in our back yard. The tree is over one hundred feet high, and we put an American flag on the top. The house is built in among the lower branches, about twenty feet from the ground. We rigged up a rope hoist to pull up the heavy timbers for the floor-joists. The house is eight feet long and seven feet wide and five feet high. We made a book-case out of a box, and kept all of our books and papers up there, where we spent most of our time during our summer vacation.

We made two beds in the main room, and slept up there on warm nights. We invited our father to spend a night with us, and he said the bed was more comfortable than a Pullman-car berth. He liked it so well he slept with us several nights. Alan is twelve years old, and I am ten. We planned and built the house by ourselves and enjoy it. Our sister takes ST. NICHOLAS, and we all read it and like it very much.

Yours truly,

PENN ROWE.



A HOME-MADE TREE-HUT.

MARASH, TURKEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The nineteenth of January was the Armenian Christmas. In the morning one of the American teachers in the Marash College, Miss Welpton by name, came to our house and asked me if she could cut out some advertisements from the magazines. Then she told me that the night before she had asked the girls what they would wish for if a fairy should come and ask them. These wishes, as far as she was able, she was cutting from advertisements. One girl wished for a cheerful face. She was given one of an advertisement of a breakfast food showing "The smile that won't come off." Several girls wished for Miss Welpton's photograph. Miss Welpton remembered this little Irish song:

I sent to her a picture — I did upon my word;
Not a picture of myself, but a picture of a bird.

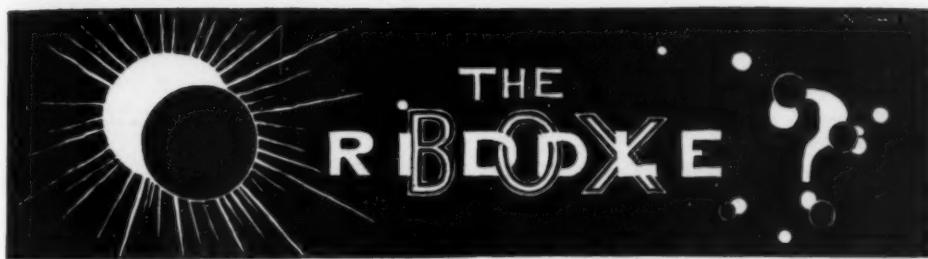
So she gave each a picture of a bird. One girl wished for a coat and six thousand pounds. She got a doll's purse, which, she was told, was waiting for the money. Then, besides these jokes, each girl got a picture from Miss Welpton and a bag from Miss Blakely.

EDITH MACALLUM.

AN old-time friend of ST. NICHOLAS sends us this sketch, which is supposed to represent



THE AMERICAN EAGLE ON THE FIFTH OF JULY.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

ZIGZAG. Fairyland. Cross-words: 1. Frost. 2. Fancy. 3. Shift. 4. Hairy. 5. Fairy. 6. Daly. 7. Graze. 8. Inane. 9. Dozen.

SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. Gnats. 2. Niche. 3. Acrid. 4. Thing. 5. Sedge. II. 1. Olive. 2. Linen. 3. Inert. 4. Verse. 5. Enter. III. 1. E. 2. Ant. 3. Easue. 4. Tub. 5. E. IV. 1. E. 2. Ax. 3. Exile. 4. Elm. 5. E. V. 1. Maple. 2. Avail. 3. Paved. 4. Liege. 5. Elder. VI. 1. Eight. 2. Idler. 3. Clare. 4. Heron. 5. Trend.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. Battle of Chickamauga. 1. Bob-bin. 2. Dis-aster. 3. Mu-tion. 4. Scy-the. 5. Gar-land. 6. Dep-en-d. 7. Uni-on. 8. Sel-fish. 9. Pro-cre. 10. Orc-hard. 11. Pol-i-ce. 12. Ker-chief. 13. Tur-key. 14. Hom-age. 15. Dis-miss. 16. Fin-ale. 17. Ven-us. 18. Fra-grant. 19. Ali-as.

ILLUSTRATED MUSICAL PUZZLE:

Build me straight, O worthy master;
Stanch and strong,
A goodly vessel
That shall laugh at all disaster
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from "Chuck" — John Farr Simons — "Alil and Adi" — Nessie and Freddie — Jo and I — Hamilton Fish Armstrong — Florence G. Mackey — Bessie Garrison — Dorothy Rutherford — Louis Stix Weiss.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from M. Budd, 1 — Katharine W. McCollin, 3 — K. Stone, 1 — S. D. White, 1 — E. H. Parker, 1 — Mary G. Bonner, 3 — Helen L. Patch, 5 — R. V. Williamson, 1 — Edwin and Beatrice, 2 — Uncle George, 1 — Rose Caroline Huff, 8 — "Duluth," 7 — "Fritz and his Cousins," 4 — C. C. Anthony, 8 — Mary E. Askew, 5 — Bessie Sweet Gallup, 5 — Gerald O. B. Hackett, 1 — Emma D. Miller, 7 — Wm. M. Varker, 2 — Marion Patton, 4 — L. S. Clapp, 1 — André Mante, 4 — Harriet Binghamon, 7.

CHARADE.

A WAYSIDE shelter is my *first*;
My *next*, a river small;
Mightier than the sword, my *third*;
My *fourth* comes from a fall.
Liberty and freedom my *whole*,
Dear to every patriot soul.

GRETCHEN NEUBURGER
(League Member).

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Syncopate an animal, and leave a garden implement. Answer, ho-r-se, hose.

1. Syncopate pertaining to the sun, and leave to fly.
2. Syncopate to drift along, and leave tasteless.
3. Syncopate a feminine name, and leave epochs.
4. Syncopate a character in "Oliver Twist," and leave gladly.
5. Syncopate stories in a building, and leave portions.
6. Syncopate a weapon, and leave part of a ship.
7. Syncopate paved, and leave fastened.
8. Syncopate a masculine nickname, and leave crafty.
9. Syncopate an outcry, and leave closed.

The merchant's word
Delighted the master heard,
For his heart was in his work,
And the heart
Giveth grace unto every art.

The Building of the Ship.

ENIGMA. ANEMONE. An m on e.

ALLITERATIONS. 1. S. D. T. 2. F. P. B. 3. G. C. S. 4. Q. L. C. 5. B. S. T.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Vacation. 1. Believ-er, vile. 2. Ic-epa-nt, pale. 3. Mi-scar-ry, cara. 4. Cl-emat-is, mate. 5. Ex-trem-es, term. 6. Pr-ecin-ct, nice. 7. An-emon-es, omen. 8. Mi-nist-er, inst.

REVERSIBLE SQUARES. From 1 to 2, dial; 2 to 1, laid; 2 to 3, Leon; 3 to 2, Noë; 1 to 4, Dori; 4 to 1, trod; 2 to 5, heat; 5 to 2, tsel; 3 to 6, névé; 6 to 3, even; 4 to 5, tort; 5 to 4, trot; 3 to 6, time; 6 to 5, emit; 4 to 7, tool; 7 to 4, leet; 5 to 8, tide; 8 to 5, edit; 6 to 9, Eros; 9 to 6, sore; 7 to 8, live; 8 to 7, evil; 8 to 9, ekes; 9 to 8, seke.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Traced. 2. Remove. 3. Amuses. 4. Cosine. 5. Evener. 6. Desert.

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10. Syncopate an arbor, and leave a South African colonist of Dutch descent.

The ten syncopated letters will spell the surname of a famous man.

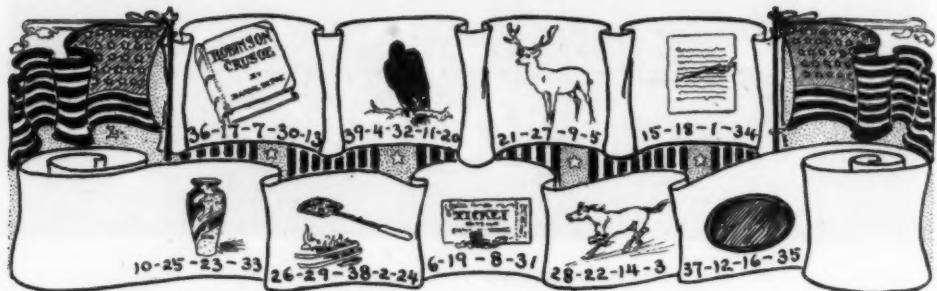
WILLIAM SHIPMAN MAULSBY.

MULTIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My *firsts* are in harlequins, not in fate;
My *seconds*, in maundering, not in eight;
My *thirds* are in nimbleness, not in loom;
My *fourths*, in sincerity, not in bloom;
My *fifths*, in pedantic, not in glow;
My *sixths*, in Zamindar, not in blow;
My *sevenths*, in vanity, not in save;
My *eighths* are in coaxed, but not in brave;
My *ninths* are in herring, but not in dumb;
My *tenths* are in boisterous, not in thumb;
My *elevenths*, in filibuster, not in try;
My *twelfths*, in arboriculture, not in cry;
My *last* is in xanthous, but not in tree;
Now, if you are clever, you will see:
An author whose fairy-tales all do delight;
A magazine which I am sure is just right;
And, lastly, a story, both witty and new,
And by this magazine it is brought unto you.

DAVID FISHEL.



PATRIOTIC NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. When the nine objects have been rightly guessed, and the letters set down in the order given, the thirty-nine letters will form a patriotic quotation from an address by Robert C. Winthrop.

NOVEL DIAGONAL.

1	15
2	14
3	13
4	12
5	11
6	10
7	9	
8	

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To establish the identity of. 2. Pertaining to a nation. 3. A champion. 4. Distinction. 5. To shut out. 6. Dignifies. 7. Denial. 8. To scatter. From 1 to 15, a holiday.

PHILIP STARK (League Member).

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

(One word is concealed in each line.)

WHEN monkeys strive to spell by sound;
When actions retail by the pound;
I'll turn my face toward old Dundee
And seek the land that pleases me.
I'll hie me to a factory first;
With tea and toast I'll quench my thirst;
With both or neither I'll agree
That sweets and spice are not for me.

ANNA M. PRATT.

ADDITIONS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Add *l* and *u* to *expense*, rearrange, and make an insect. Cost-lu, locust.

1. Add *j* and *d* to the mottled coat of a horse, rearrange, and make a river of Palestine.
2. Add *r* and *i* to the surname of the man who wrote "Two Years Before the Mast," rearrange, and make a city of Michigan.
3. Add *m* and *i* to an Arabian gulf, rearrange, and make a city of Arabia.
4. Add *g* and *e* to farm animals, rearrange, and make one of a class of plants that increase in size by a new layer on the outside.
5. Add *s* and *d* to a landing-place, rearrange, and make a web-making creature.

6. Add *w* and *l* to a certain water-fowl, rearrange, and make a pocket-book.

7. Add *A* and *i* to a string, rearrange, and make a strange and beautiful plant.

8. Add *n* and *t* to a river of Africa, rearrange, and make a bird.

9. Add *r* and *t* to a chain of rocks under the water, rearrange, and make one of the weasel family.

10. Add *r* and *i* to "to carry on," rearrange, and make an insect small enough to creep into the ear.

The initials of the ten new words will spell the name of a famous British general who died on the field of battle.

CLARA BETH HAVEN.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS.

WHEN the following words have been triply beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a great general.

1. Triply behead dismissal from an office, and leave to accuse.

2. Triply behead competent, and leave qualified.

3. Triply behead pacified, and leave relieved.

4. Triply behead a counterpane, and leave to unfurl.

5. Triply behead certain aromatic seeds, and leave at a distance.

6. Triply behead scorched, and leave a color.

BARNEKAH ANGELL (League Member).

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1	3
.	*	*	*	*	
*	*	*	*	*	
*	*	*	*	*	
*	*	*	*	*	

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A hurricane. 2. The chief officer of a county to whom is intrusted the execution of the laws. 3. Unproductive. 4. Preparing for publication. 5. Incensed. 6. A month. 7. To obscure. 8. A pointed instrument attached to a gun. 9. To hold back. 10. A small waterfall. 11. Betwixt. 12. Pung. 13. Pertaining to an organ. 14. Persuaded.

From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4, spell a famous document.

AGNES BANDEL.



"QUEEN ZIXI GREETED BUD AND HIS SISTER AND AUNT
WITH GREAT KINDNESS."